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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLVI — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — NO. 9

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1909. — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

WM. H. TAFT'S INAUGURATION IS THE MOST BRILLIANT WASHINGTON EVER SAW.

The Capitol City is Ablaze in Splendor and Crowded With Thousands of Visitors.

MRS. TAFT AND MRS. SHERMAN RIDE IN PARADE.

This is First Time Ladies Have Participated in The Parade.

TAFT AND SHERMAN TAKE OATH.

President Entertains His Yale Classmates—Great Inaugural Ball—Hundred of Thousands Spent in Decorations of City, Capitol and Pension Buildings—Beautiful Display of Fireworks.

Just about the time to-day that this page of the MINER goes on the press, William Howard Taft of Ohio is taking the oath that makes him President of the United States, surrounded by perhaps the largest crowd that ever witnessed an inauguration in the land.

As soon as this ceremony is over Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt drives direct to the Union station where he takes a train for his home at Oyster Bay.

Upon his return from the Capitol after the inaugural ceremonies Mr. Taft will have the members of his family and a few Cincinnati friends join him and Mrs. Taft at a buffet luncheon in the White House. Owing to the necessity for him to go on the reviewing stand to see the parade soon after his return to the White House, the luncheon will be informal and will be attended by few.

For the first time in the history of the country the wives of the President and Vice President participated in the inaugural parade. Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Sherman joined their respective husbands when they left the Capitol after the inaugural ceremonies and proceeded with them to the White House.

The parade is expected to be the grandest ever held, there being the greatest array of famous men in all branches of life in the Capital who will participate in this great event. Pennsylvania will be represented by many companies of our National Guard, and numerous marching clubs from Philadelphia.

The mammoth grandstand on Pennsylvania avenue and all buildings in the line of march together with all the Federal buildings are magnificently decorated, thousands upon thousands of dollars being spent on the beautiful. The city is simply a blaze of glory and hundreds of thousands of visitors are simply dazzled by the magnificence of it all.

"I want the nicest inauguration possible," said Mr. Taft to members of the House of Representatives when he was in that city recently, and he certainly is getting it in the fullest sense of the term.

The inaugural ball to be given in the Pension building this evening will undoubtedly outshine anything of its kind in the past. The decorations alone cost $30,000, and this does not include the framework on which they hang which adds several thousand to the amount. In the electric lighting over 16,000 feet of wire has been used and 10,000 incandescent lamps are in use. It took 25,000 yards of bunting to carry out the ivory and white color scheme. There are 1000 American flags, 2000 blooming plants, 300 cases of Southern smilax and hundreds of growing American Beauty and crimson rambler roses in addition to thousands of cut flowers to add to the splendor.

The floor of the ballroom will present a dazzling spectacle. The ball will be opened by President Taft and Vice President Sherman, who will lead the grand Promenade. The full Marine Band, in scarlet and blue, and a monster orchestra will furnish the music for the march and dance. In line will be the representatives in the diplomatic corps of the countries of the Old World, wearing their court suits of many colors.

Next comes the Justices of the Supreme Court, members of the cabinet, Senators, Representatives, Governors of States and Territories and representative men from North, South, East and West.

Protected carriage-ways at all entrances and other conveniences are being arranged. An emergency hospital in charge of the National Red Cross will be established within the ballroom.

On Friday and Saturday concerts will be given in the ballroom, the decorations being left intact for this purpose. The United States Marine Band, the Philippine Constabulary Band, the Inaugural Chorus of five hundred voices and glee clubs from the States, will furnish the music on these occasions.

The governors of twenty-one States, besides the array of diplomats and army and navy officers, are expected to attend this function.

Fireworks on the White House lot tonight promises to compensate the visitors for all the trouble of coming and for some of the money they will have to spend. The program consists of 30 numbers besides the continual display of what usually are called "fireworks." Many of the numbers are unique.

The grand spectacular event of the night will be "A Battle in the Skies." This will be the only set piece besides the fire portraits of President Taft and Vice President Sherman.

The "Battle in the Skies" will show a modern city and above, two aerial war boats which will manouvre into position and begin the fight.

First one and then another ship is struck and falls, a bursting flame of many colors. Other airships not directly engaged in the battle will drop explosives on the city, crumbling and bursting it.

The Star Spangled Banner will be unfurled 1,000 feet in the air and the letters "Taft" will appear on it in fire. There will be a pillar of fire 100 feet high which will give, while it burns, a daylight effect to the city and country for several miles around. The program will include 1,000 rocket bombs, 500 "lightning batteries," 600 colored lights, two tons of colored fire, 50 balloons, 10,000 candle fireworks and 750 bombs ranging from 12 to 60 inches. The exhibition of fireworks will begin promptly at 7:30 p. m.

Bad Wreck at Newton.

Two freight trains on the B., R. & P. railroad collided head-on nearly in front of the depot at Newton, Pa., yesterday afternoon, and as a result, one locomotive was turned over and thrown into the ditch and a number of cars were derailed and piled up. Fortunately no one was injured.

The northbound train was in charge of Conductor Grover and Engineer Hammond. The southbound crew consisted of Conductor Lippencott and Engineer McMinn. A "pusher" engine was in charge of Engineer Shaw.

Wrecking crews from both East Salamanca and DuBois were called to the scene of the accident and late last night had the track cleared so that trains could pass.

The afternoon passenger train which is due to reach Bradford at 3:42 p. m. and the local train due here at 6:15 were both late, being obliged to use the Erie tracks from Mt. Jewett to Howard Junction—passing over the Kinzua viaduct. A light engine was used in crossing the big bridge and a rumor among passengers to the effect that the stone foundations of the great structure were in a slow process of disintegration, caused some nervousness. But the bridge was better founded than were the fears of the travelers and all was well with the latter when the chasm of the Kinzua was crossed. It is understood that solid concrete will take the place of the stone under the bridge in the near future.

State Capitol News.

Harrisburg, March 3, (Special to the MINER)—Hon. Robert W. Hilton to-day introduced the following bills all of which are of interest to McKean county people:

A bill authorizing County Auditors to employ an attorney when needed at the expense of the county.

A bill exempting from taxation all property belonging to State and County Fair associations.

A bill making it necessary for the Court to approve of all appointments made by boards of County Commissioners.

A bill making it a misdemeanor to pass another automobile or other vehicles at a speed exceeding one mile in four minutes with a penalty of $35 for each offense.

A bill repealing an act of 1907 in relation to arbitration clauses in contracts.

A bill which empowers stockholders representing 10 per cent. of the stock of any corporation to appeal to the courts when a majority of the stockholders have voted salaries to officers of such corporation beyond a just and reasonable compensation for such duties.

Hon. James A. McKean and Hon. R. W. Hilton are among those who left tonight to see the inauguration of Mr. Taft at Washington to-morrow.

Free tuition is offered to prospective teachers at Edinboro Normal. Spring session begins March 30.

John F. Bigler, Prin.

Rev. J. H. McCandless' Resignation Regretfully Accepted.

At a meeting of the Vestry of St. Luke's church, held at the office of John Forrest, Esq., Saturday, February 27, 1909, at 2:30 p. m., there being present H. L. McCoy, John Forrest, D. C. Young and E. L. Keenan, the matter of the resignation of the Reverend J. H. McCandless, Rector, was acted upon. Mr. Forrest submitted the following resolutions, viz:

Whereas, the Reverend J. H. McCandless, rector of this parish of St. Luke's, has tendered his resignation to the Vestry of the said parish and has requested the acceptance of the same at an early date in order that he may be free to give his whole time and attention to the personal and domestic affairs referred to in his written communication, and

Whereas, that while the Vestry regretfully recognize the imperative nature of the call to his duties in other lines than parish work, they feel it to be their duty to accede to his request while deploring the necessity, and

Whereas, it becomes us as representatives of all the parishioners to, in some measure and way, recognize and acknowledge our indebtedness to him for the able, conscientious and successful character of service he has given this parish for more than twenty-eight years, therefore, be it

Resolved, that the said resignation of the rectorate be and the same is hereby accepted to take effect on the 1st day of May, 1909, and further,

Resolved, that the Reverend J. H. McCandless is hereby appointed Rector Emeritus of the Parish of St. Luke's for and during his life, for long and faithful work well done.

On motion the foregoing resolutions were unanimously adopted. The secretary was directed to spread the same upon the minutes of the Vestry and deliver a copy to the Reverend J. H. McCandless.

Criminal Court News.

Rev. John Lyons, the prosecutor in the Eldred riot case and upon whom the grand jury placed the costs of the suit as stated in our last issue, will neither have to go to jail nor pay the costs which are said to amount to nearly $500. He filed a petition for his release under the insolvency act and gave bail for his appearance at the next term of court, when he will probably be released under this act.

Thursday afternoon the grand jury found a true bill against Editor Tom McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald on the charge of libel brought by Dr. Larson of Kane. When the case was brought before the court McClellan's attorney made a motion that the indictment be quashed owing to a technical error in its preparation, which was granted by the court.

On motion of Hon. R. B. Stone, the committee assigned the matter of drawing up suitable resolutions on the death of Daniel W. Healy, a member of the McKean county bar, a continuance was granted to the April term of court. This was because of the absence of several members of the bar at this time from the county.

J. Flannigan, who was found guilty of attempt to criminally assault Myra Kelley, was sentenced to the Western penitentiary for one year and six months and Sheriff W. H. Morrison took him to that institution on Saturday.

The petit jury was discharged Thursday evening and the grand jury Friday morning.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

A correspondent of the New York Times gives the following remarkable coincidence in connection with the earthquake which destroyed Messina. He says, "To my certain knowledge, for the tale is so wild I would not write it if I had not the proofs." It is not wise for us in our limited knowledge to attribute catastrophe to the judgment of God, yet it may be at times God vindicates his rule by providential acts. What this correspondent tells is surely a remarkable coincidence.

In a former letter I spoke of the torn announcement of a paper published for the first time the day before the destruction of the city and called "The Future." This coincidence struck me as sufficiently dramatic and pathetic, without further details, but the rest of the story is far more remarkable. It seems that there were many free-thinkers at Messina, and free-thinkers of the Latin type, not merely doubting or unbelieving, but violently opposed to anything that savored of religious belief. This new paper belonged to them, and the first number was filled with attacks not only on the Church, but on all religion. The editor, not content with saying in his heart "There is no God," devoted a violent editorial to the subject and used these words, addressing God: "If you are not an impotent fool, send us an earthquake to prove you exist." That very night the city was destroyed. I have seen the paper or I would not write the story.

Did you ever attend a Rummage Sale? Great sport. Try it.

HORSE-THIEF ARRESTED HERE LAST FRIDAY.

Had Come to Visit His Mother at the County Home.

TAKEN TO TIOGA COUNTY MONDAY.

Burt Leonard, alias Burt Mack, Stole a Horse Four Years Ago—He Also Stole One in This County Eleven Years Ago and Served Time For It.

One day last week the county authorities received word from Tioga county to be on the lookout for one Burt Leonard, alias Burt Mack, who has been wanted in that county for the past four years for horse-stealing. Those in quest of Leonard stated that he was liable to pay his mother a visit at the County Home.

County Superintendent of Poor J. C. Breneman was requested to be on the lookout and on Friday he gave the warning that the much-looked-for man was under his roof. Deputy Sheriff J. L. Morrison, Constable U. H. Foote and ex-Constable "Billy" Jones lost no time in going to the county farm and immediately surrounded the County Home, ready to give battle to a desperate criminal, for they had been informed that he was such. But there was no such trouble for when the officer approached Leonard he made no effort to escape, meekly submitting to arrest.

He was brought down town and lodged in jail, and the sheriff of Tioga county notified. On Monday Sheriff W. H. Hollidd and the man from whom he stole the horse came to Smethport and identified the gentleman, taking him back to Tioga county with them where he will be tried upon this charge.

Leonard, or Mack, seems to have an uncontrolable passion to possess other people's horses for in 1898 he was tried and convicted of "borrowing" a horse in this county and was sent to the Western penitentiary for one year and six months. Then four years ago he took possession of a horse or horses in Tioga county, but escaped punishment until now. We understand that he was arrested on the latter charge shortly after the theft but in some manner escaped and eluded the authorities until last Friday.

This is the first time in several years that the poor old mother has seen her erring boy and it must be pretty hard for her to have him taken from her in this manner, but this is the way of fate in this world of sin.

And the Fight Was Off.

The Bradford Era tells of a sad disappointment to Bradford sports in the following pathetic words: The managers of a postponed boxing contest, arranged for Tuesday evening, in this city, have withdrawn their advertisements and declared the function "off." It is understood that the new law enforcement association of this city, known as the Civic Federation, has become interested in the matter and has asked that the State law relating to pugilistic bouts be enforced.

The local authorities have been requested to prevent the contest from being conducted and the desired action has been taken. And so it comes about, in the order of events, that Civic Righteousness, wearing no gloves whatever, has landed an upperent, followed by a straight-arm jab at the unwritten law which permits men to display their ability as boxers in a ring—the said exhibitions being regarded by some biased people as less dangerous than football.

Meanwhile, the Civic Righteousness movement parries all swinging blows and lands on the opposition's ribs with a counter that counts. It uses a quotation from the "statoots" and the opposition is down and out.

Pass the smelling salts, please.

Lorenzo B. Prosser Dead.

The Bradford Era says: Lorenzo B. Prosser, aged 77 years, and an aged and respected citizen of East Bradford, died suddenly Saturday afternoon at his home, No. 981 South Kendall avenue. Mr. Prosser had been in poor health for some time and on Saturday he complained of a turn for the worse in his condition. However, he did not remain in bed. While sitting in a chair, surrounded by his family, shortly after noon, he expired. Death was due to heart failure.

Mr. Prosser was a veteran of the Civil war, having been a member of the Bucktail regiment. He had lived in Bradford since he was 13 years of age and was a good citizen, a kind neighbor and a devoted husband and father.

Besides his widow, he leaves one son, John Prosser of Bradford; one daughter, Mrs. W. D. Allen of Elma, N. Y., and one sister, Mrs. Fannie Storms of Bradford.

No danger. Bound to get your money's worth at a Rummage Sale.

Remarkable Statements from a Canadian.

Some statements made on a recent occasion by Mr. John S. Ewart, a member of the Ottawa bar and a K. C., are sufficiently out of the ordinary to invite some comment. Speaking before the Canadian Club, he remarked that to regard the Monroe Doctrine as a mere piece of "Yankee swagger," as he feared many Canadians did, was to show a total misapprehension of what that doctrine meant. In his opinion it was one of the most beneficent principles regarding international relations, and he went on to say that "if any European power should seek to violate it, Canada ought, if need be to join with the United States and all other American powers in its assertion and maintenance."

The contiguncy imagined by Mr. Ewart is remote, and there are some reasons for believing that if the United States were called upon to maintain the Monroe Doctrine by force of arms it would be able to do so without assistance. Yet it is none the less gratifying to hear from a man of Mr. Ewart's standing this intelligent and broad-minded appreciation of a subject on which more ignorance and prejudice are exhibited than on almost any other. To describe the Monroe Doctrine as a beneficent principle is to state no more than the fact, and to no other of the parties concerned is its beneficent more important than to the great and growing country which lies on our immediate north. The big navy which the United States has accorded is scarcely less for the Canadians than of ourselves; not deliguedly, of course, but in effect.

Mr. Ewart went on to say some other things which showed how slight in the Canadian thought is the tie which binds the Dominion to the mother country. Canadians such as Mr. Ewart are willing that the existing conditions should continue only so long as Canadian interests are not thereby prejudiced. Thus he declared that in a war between the United Kingdom and Japan on the one hand and the United States on the other—it is unthinkable—Canada would decline to help the allies; and why? For the reason that on two occasions she has suffered invasion by the United States because of foolish British quarrels, but she will decline to risk her political existence for the benefit of the Japanese.

This sounds queerly in the mouth of a British subject, but in Canada the subject business is much more of a theory than a fact.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Farming Pays in McKean County.

Farming in McKean county seems to be a paying proposition, especially in the vicinity of Bradford, as the report of the superintendent of the city poor farm would indicate. Farming has always seemed to be looked upon as a failure in this section, but the opinion has been expressed in a general way as none of the people engaged in the business has ever kept tract of the revenue of a farm in a business way.

Mr. Clark, the superintendent of the poor farm, has conducted the farm in a methodical manner and his report of the last fiscal year tends to dispel any doubt about farming being a paying proposition.

The city poor farm consists of 150 acres; nearly two-thirds or 100 acres are under cultivation. Everything which has been needed in the way of vegetables, chickens, pigs, butter, milk, eggs and produce for the 17 people which are fed on the farm every day was raised on the 100 acres besides having a surplus which was sold for $984.06.

The following shows what his farm produced during the last year: Ninety tons of hay; 200 bushels of oats; 500 of potatoes; 250 of carrots; 200 of turnips; 2,000 pounds of cabbage; 10 bushels of beans; 5 of parsnips; 20 of cucumbers; 10 of beets; 100 of corn on cob; 20 of tomatoes; 8 of pop corn; 25 of peas; 100 head of cauliflower; 8 tons of cut straw; 1,000 dozen of green corn; 1,800 pounds of pork; 2,000 pounds of beef; 900 of veal; 25,000 quarts of milk; 620 gallons of cream; 1742 pounds of butter, and 175 dozen of eggs.

Besides all this he has set out a new orchard of 100 apple trees, 10 pear trees, 10 plum trees and 3 quince trees.

A farm that will practically keep 17 people and have produce left to sell is a good paying proposition.—Sunday Herald.

Watch for This Man.

Physicians and hotel men are warned to be on the lookout for a man giving his name as George L. Silves and representing himself to be in the employ of Stoddard Brothers and wanting a check cashed.

Last evening the police received a letter from Buffalo stating that there was an individual representing himself as a salesman for Stoddard Bros. by the name of George Silvers. He had a check cashed under the name of Adam with a rubber stamp, E. Stoddard in ink with the words treasurer in a rubber stamp.

He passed one of the checks for $30 at Warren on P. S. Horton and another was indorsed by Dr. S. W. Bellew of Oil City for $35.—Bradford Sunday Herald.

Prisoners From Port Allegany.

Last Friday Constable George Shepard of Port Allegany brought over three prisoners and lodged them in jail to await trial. The Argus gives the following account of their depridations:

Mungold's store on Brooklyn Side was burglarized again Tuesday night, and as a result William Holliday, Albert [illegible] Lewis Holliday, Albert [illegible] Daniel Sanders are in [illegible] charged with the crime. The trail which led up to the discovery of the men was a couple of forged orders which Lewis Holliday had presented a few days before, and which were the only orders stolen by the thieves Tuesday night. Harry Taylor, the clerk of the store, was suspicious of the orders when presented, and after the robbery found that they had been forged. Warrants were at once secured, and a quantity of the stolen goods were found at the Sanders and Holliday homes.

Lewis Holliday was the first brought before Justice Allen for a hearing. He pleaded guilty and made a confession, when he stated that the goods were stolen by himself, his father, William Holliday, Albert Doxey and Daniel Sanders. He stated that the officers had not found all the stolen goods and told where the rest were concealed. The stolen goods consisted of ham, eggs, cigars, tobacco, candy, tea, coffee and other goods. The amount taken amounted to about a hundred dollars in value.

William Holliday was next brought up for trial and after some hesitation said he was as guilty as the rest of them and also pleaded guilty. Bail for both William and Lewis Holliday was placed at $1000 in default of which they were committed to jail at Smethport.

This is the fourth time that the Mungold store was robbed, and an attempt was once made to rob Mr. Palmer there which was frustrated.

Daniel Sanders pleaded not guilty and would say nothing in regard to the case. However the two Holidays testified that he had been with them and Justice Allen bound him over to court under $500 bail. As he was unable to furnish bail he was committed to jail at Smethport. Albert Doxey has not yet been arrested at the time we go to press.

A Fitting Lecture.

In passing sentence on a Crawford county man for beating his wife, Judge Boston of this borough said: "We want to say to you, that we are not usually disposed to be severe, but a man who will deliberately bent, kick, and abuse his own wife is not entitled to any mercy from courts and juries. The extreme punishment of the law is not too severe. And in many instances not severe enough for a man of your size and strength who will deliberately bent and kick a slender woman like your wife. He is not very much of a man and I am afraid that there is not much hope of him ever becoming a man. It is an act of cowardice. No one but a coward would engage in a transaction of that kind, and a coward of the lowest type. It now becomes the duty of the court to impose sentence, and this is one of the cases where we impose it without any feeling of sympathy for the offender. The sentence of the court is that you, John O. Emerson, pay a fine of $10 to the Commonwealth, the cost of the prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the jail of the County of Crawford for and during the period of nine calendar months."

Fourth Class Postmaster Examination.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that on Saturday, March 27, 1909, an examination will be held at Smethport, Pa., for the position of fourth class postmaster of class (b) at East Smethport, Pa. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was $879 for the last fiscal year.

Age limit, 21 years and over on the date of the examination.

Applicants must reside within the territory supplied by the postoffice named above.

The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application forms and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from East Smethport postoffice or from the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington within 7 days before the date of the examination, otherwise it may be impracticable to examine the applicants.

We say without hesitation that De-Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are unequaled for weak kidneys, backache, inflammation of the bladder and all urinary disorders. They are antiseptic, and act promptly in all cases of weak back, backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains. Accept no substitute. We sell and recommend them. H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Send for Free Booklet on the Improved plan of treatment and cure of Rupture, False Rupture (Varicocele), Nervous Disease and Kidney Affections. Mention this paper.

INVALIDS' HOTEL, Buffalo, N. Y.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Pudding In Distress.

By FANNIE MEDDURY PENDLETON.

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Perhaps it was fate that belated Cartwright and caused him to rush across the station platform just as the last passenger climbed aboard the train. If so, then fate was materially assisted by a little old lady over whom he nearly stumbled and who wildly clutched his arm.

She was very much out of breath, and her hair had blown free from her bonnet until the stray locks stood out in the whitry winds like a silver halo.

"Oh," she cried, breathlessly, "my granddaughter has forgotten the Christmas pudding! She's on the train. Will you please give it to her? Her name's on the wrapper."

Cartwright mechanically accepted the pudding thus thrust upon him.

"Promise to put it into her own hands," pleaded the little old lady anxiously.

Cartwright nodded as he clutched the railing of the last car and pulled himself up. As the train swept around the curve he caught a last glimpse of her face. Her eyes were fixed upon the package under his arm.

"I actually believe she thinks I want her old pudding," grinned Cartwright. "She doesn't trust me."

The train, which was the last local for the city, was crowded with would be shoppers, with homegoers and guests bound cityward. Every seat was occupied. At last Cartwright found a place beside a young woman who obligingly made room for him and immediately resumed the study of the snowy landscape through which the train was rushing.

Cartwright glanced casually at her voluminous brown veil; then his eyes fell to the traveling pudding, and he turned over the package to find the name.

It was written in a fine, old fashioned hand and read, "Mary Lang, 1019 Essex place."

A parker appeared between his eyes and bade fair to develop into a scowl when he became conscious that the gaze of the girl was fixed likewise upon the package.

"Pardon me," he cried impulsively, "you don't happen to be Miss Mary Lang, do you?"

The girl turned a very pretty and astonished face toward him.

"You see," he continued eagerly, "I don't know a soul in the station where I got on—changed cars there and nearly got left. Just as I was making for the train a lady requested me to deliver this. It is a pudding," he explained impressively, "and from the evident value set upon it by the maker I judge that it is a good one and that my responsibility is vast."

There was a responsive twinkle in the girl's eye.

"Sorry I can't help you out," she said —"Why not ask the conductor? He will know who got on at that station. I did myself, but we had to hurry to catch the train, and I didn't notice my fellow passengers."

"Tickets, please."

"Say, conductor," cried Cartwright, "can you tell me who got on at Alton Junction?" and he explained the problem of the pudding.

The conductor grinned.

"There was the lady two seats ahead," he answered, "the one with glasses."

Cartwright inspected her with comic dismay.

"I'm a shy man," he announced, "and if it be she perhaps you had better tackle her, conductor. I don't want the job."

"Well, there's the fat lady in the yellow waist with buttons, and the girl in the front seat, and the family just behind, and"—

"You don't know even if she's grown up, do you?" queried the girl, who had become quite interested in the proceedings.

"That's so," assented Cartwright ruefully. "But I feel by the pricking of my thumbs that she's homely as a *hedge fence*, cross eyed and at least fifty."

"That may not interfere with her appetite for plum pudding," suggested the girl mirthfully. She had put back the enveloping brown veil, and her dark eyes gazed straight into Cartwright's.

"I wish you were Mary Lang," he said, with decision.

"I'm very well satisfied as I am," she answered, dropping her eyes demurely.

The conductor had returned.

"Lend me the precious pudding," he suggested. "Guess I can help you out."

He walked to the front of the car and faced about.

"Is there a lady in this car by the name of Mary Lang?" he shouted above the roar of the train.

There was much turning of heads, but no response. The conductor disappeared into the car ahead, while Cartwright wiped imaginary drops of perspiration from his forehead.

"This suspense is awful," he observed. With hands clasped dramatically he awaited the outcome.

The door opened. A giggle came from the girl and a groan from Cartwright as the conductor returned, bearing before him the pudding, still unclaimed. He dropped it into Cartwright's hand.

"Sorry," he chuckled, "but there's nobody on the train who will own to being Mary Lang and thus become the proud possessor of the pudding."

"It is not a pudding," declared Cartwright resentfully. "It's an old man of the sea." And he leaned back, with the look of a martyr. The girl watched him with twitching lips.

"There is the address," she suggested. "You can send it when you reach the city."

"But I promised," said Cartwright wrathfully—"I promised the woman to see it delivered in person, and now it is my fate to go on a still hunt for this horrible woman, this gorgon. I'm very much afraid that Maud Cartwright's dinner will be late if she waits for me." He added the last wrathfully.

"Oh!" said the girl sympathetically. "Still," she continued, "the poor woman is probably mourning the loss of her pudding, and you call 'figure as the restorer of happiness. She is likely one of those timid souls and didn't dare own up to her name, or—I have it!—she is probably deaf and didn't hear the conductor."

The train pulled into the station, and the passengers gathered up their various belongings.

"Goodby," said the girl sweetly. "I hope you find her all right. May you enjoy as good a Christmas pudding as Mary Lang's."

Cartwright watched her ruefully as she disappeared in the crowd.

"I'd like to know that girl," was his mental ejaculation; then he walked into the waiting room, eagerly scanning the crowd for a woman who appeared to have lost something. At last refreshing his memory by a glance at the address, he took an uptown car and started for 1019 Essex place.

The storm had increased, traffic was slow, and it was some time before he mounted the steps and rang the bell at his destination. He wondered if he should ask for Miss or Mrs. Lang, and when the door opened he slurred the prefix and laid emphasis upon the name. Miss Lang was at home, and he presently found himself comfortably seated and awaiting her advent. He glanced mechanically about the tastefully appointed room; then there was a step on the stair, and he turned to behold a tall girl in a black lace dinner gown and with a spray of holly caught in her dark hair.

"You!" he cried.

She came forward, a half shamed, wholly mischievous expression on her face.

"I suppose I owe you an apology," she said. "You see, I fully intended to own up before you reached the city—you were so deliciously funny that I simply couldn't before—and then you mentioned your cousin, Maud Cartwright, who is my best friend, and I knew that you must be Bobby's cousin, of whom I've heard all my life. And so"—she darted a mirthful glance at him from under her dark lashes—"and so, well, the temptation was too overwhelming. I have heard of you in a variety of roles, but never before as a restorer of puddings." She held out her hand. "Please try quite hard to forgive me," she finished in assumed contrition.

They looked at each other, and both broke into a merry peal of laughter.

"You," cried Cartwright when he could speak—"you led me this wild goose chase!" He tried to summon a reproachful air.

She raised one hand and plucked a full rose from a vase on the mantel. Her mouth was drawn into demure lines, but her eyes danced wickedly. Then she held out to him the long stemmed rose.

"I had to punish you for calling me a gorgon and believing me to be such a dreadful looking creature. The score is not so uneven, is it?"

They looked at each other above the rose and laughed again.

"I will even it up, my Christmas lady," declared Cartwright. Then his voice fell into a humbler tone. "And with Cousin Maud to introduce me I may come again?"

"Are you sure that Bobby Cartwright is your cousin?"

"Positive."

"Well, I have invited Bobby and Maud and the cousin who was expected to Christmas dinner. We are to have the pudding; but perhaps it would not agree with you after what has happened."

"Food for the gods!" cried Cartwright. "Give me a chance at that pudding. It will afford a very excellent substitute for humble pie."

It was snowing heavily when Cartwright reached the street, but he plunged resolutely into the storm.

"Heavenly pudding," he cried with enthusiasm, "I must relinquish you, but I will not give you up so easily, my Christmas lady."

Breaking Up a Witness.

In no way can barristers better display their acuteness than by seeing at a glance the character of the witnesses they are about to examine and by treating them accordingly. Erskine was famous at this. In a case in which he was engaged a commercial traveler came into the witness box dressed in the height of fashion and wearing a starched white necktie folded in the Brummel fold. In an instant Erskine knew his man, though he had never seen him before, and said to him, with an air of careless amusement, "You were born and bred in Manchester, I perceive." Greatly astonished at this opening remark, the man admitted that he was. "Exactly," observed the great cross examiner in a conversational tone. "I knew it from the absurd tie of your neckcloth."

The roars of laughter, coming from every person in the court, with the single exception of the unfortunate witness, which followed this rejoinder completely effected Erskine's purpose, which was to put the witness in a state of agitation and confusion before touching on the facts concerning which he had come to give evidence.—London News.

How He Knew.

A ragman who was gathering up wornout clothing in the country purchased a pair of discarded trousers at a farmhouse and remarked to the man of the house as he paid for the stuff he had bought:

"I see, sir, that you are about to lose your land on a mortgage."

"Guess you are right," said the discouraged looking farmer, "but will you tell me how the Sam Hill you found that out?"

"Easy enough," said the cheerful ragman as he settled back on the seat of his peddling wagon. "I notice that these old pants are completely played out, so far as the part of 'em you set down on is concerned, but they show mighty little wear anywhere else."—Exchange.

Just His Luck.

"William, Freddie informs me that his teacher has decided to advance him from the sixth to the seventh grade owing to his fine deportment and his praiseworthy attention to his studies."

"Pshaw! That's just my luck!"

"Why, what makes you say that?"

"I had it all figured out that I was going to be about $10 ahead at the end of this month. Now it will be necessary to buy a new set of schoolbooks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A DREADFUL WEAPON.

The Slashing Sharks' Teeth Club of the Polynesians.

Clubs were the weapons of primitive and savage man. Ancient specimens from Mexico are heavy sticks grooved along the side for the insertion of blades of basaltin—that is, volcanic glass. The Sioux club is a flat piece of wood, carving and widening away from the grip and terminating in a spherical head, which in modern times carries a long spike, while the blades of several butcher knives are commonly inserted along the margin. The national museum of the United States possesses a great variety of these shocking weapons, designed, as the frontiersmen say, to "knock down the white man and then to brain him and cut him into mince meat." The Kingsmill islanders and other Polynesians make dreadful slashing weapons by securing rows of sharks' teeth along a bar of wood.

These weapons vary from a few inches to sixteen feet in length, and it has been said that in all the range of weapons devised by mankind there is nothing more blood curdling to behold. They show how the sword may have been evolved from the club even by tribes unacquainted with the use of metals. African weapons, again, are exceedingly complicated owing to the acquaintance of the natives with iron. The standard club is converted into a sort of tomahawk by the addition of blades or into a *primitive spear* by the addition of a sharp spud. The plain clubs in the African area are used chiefly for throwing.

The small knobbed clubs, or "kerries," such as are found among the Kaffirs and other African tribes, are generally used as missiles. Whereas the club proper was soon brought to *perfection among* savage tribes and was long ago abandoned as a weapon of civilized warfare, the missile—typified by the thrown clubs or "kerries"—is still being improved upon in boomerangs, bows and arrows, crossbows and firearms.

Sour Milk.

The milk was not of the desired sweetness one morning, and little Elmer pushed his glass away after taking a sip.

"What's the matter with the milk, Elmer?" asked his mother.

"I guess the milkman has been feeding his cow on pickles," was the reply.—Exchange.

The Invisible Point.

It was an awfully old joke, but the American thought it might cause his English friend to generate a smile.

"Just before I sailed for Liverpool," said the American, "I dreamed that I was dead, and the heat woke me up."

"So?" rejoined the Englishman seriously. "The weather must be beastly hot in America."—Chicago News.

Luck.

"Do you believe there is anything in luck?" asked the young man.

"Yes," answered the home grown philosopher. "There is a lot of intelligence and perseverance in it."—Exchange.

In Saxony no one is permitted to shoe horses unless he has passed a public examination and proves that he is properly qualified.

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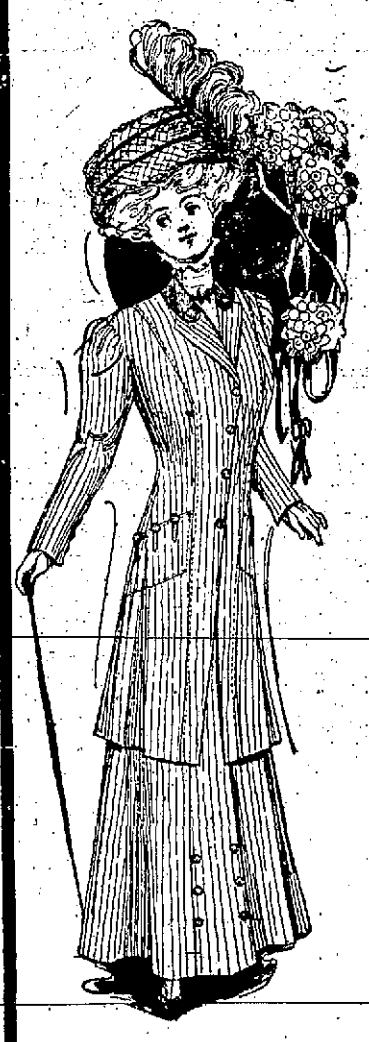

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"The Blood is The Life."

Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also clouded, the mind and judgement are affected, and many an evil deed or impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. Foul, impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It enriches and purifies the blood thereby curing pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

In the cure of scrofulous swellings, enlarged glands, open eating ulcers, or old sores, the "Golden Medical Discovery" has performed the most marvelous cures. In cases of old sores, or open eating ulcers, it is well to apply to the open sores Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve, which possesses wonderful healing potency when used as an application to the sores in conjunction with the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" as a blood cleansing constitutional treatment. If your druggist don't happen to have the "All-Healing Salve" in stock, you can easily procure it by inclosing fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post. Most druggists keep it as well as the "Golden Medical Discovery."

You can't afford to accept any medicine of *unknown composition* as a substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, the same being attested as correct under oath.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 4, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Robert Lackey, a well known resident of Knapps Creek, aged 77 years, died at his home last Saturday morning.

—A quarantine has been placed on Bradford dogs and for 100 days canines of that city will have to be tied up or wear a muzzle.

—It has been discovered that six councilmen in Pittsburg are honest. The other 88 are to be indicted at the next session of the grand jury. Must be something wrong with the atmosphere down there.—Kane Republican.

—Mrs. Arlie of Honeoye, Potter county, who was arrested some time ago on the charge of terribly beating little six-year-old Irene Marvin, has entered a plea of guilty and she will receive her sentence from Judge Orinerod at the March term of court.

—According to Potter county papers a West Pike citizen came home drunk the other day and picking up a gun, threatened to kill his wife and her invalid father. The plucky woman took the gun away from the husband and had him arrested on a charge of assault with intent to kill.

—About two weeks ago George Pearce who lives some three miles north of Costello discovered gold on his farm. For a long time it has been believed that there is rich mineral in that part of the county and Mr. Pearce has always felt that there were some metals of some kind in his land. He deliberately went about to investigate and after long and faithful digging his efforts seemed to be rewarded. A sample of the product was sent to Harrisburg for examination and experts have reported it to be worth thirty dollars a ton.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—The members and their invited friends, numbering about 100, celebrated the 11th anniversary of the North Star lodge, Scandinavian Brotherhood of America at Dresser's hall, last evening in a most pleasing manner. The hall was prettily decorated for the occasion. An address of welcome was given by Grand Lodge Deputy David Cederman, at the conclusion of which a program containing a number of interesting selections were given. An elaborate repast was served and there was dancing, the music being furnished by Prof. Hugo Blan.—Star-Record, Saturday.

—Pennsylvania has over 16,000 insane inmates in the institutions of the state, and each year adds another 700 men and women to the roll.

—The city of Erie will be compelled to find something like $500,000 to take the sewage out of the bay if the ideas of the state board of health are persisted in, and will be compelled to maintain besides an expensive pumping plant to convey the sewage to the locality where the state board of health is of the opinion the disposal plant should be situated.

—Twenty-seven years more life to the country's supply of crude petroleum. That is the warning Dr. David T. Day, expert on petroleum for the U. S. Geological Survey, sounds in his report to the National Conservation Commission just issued. The crude supply will be exhausted by 1935, he declares, fixing that supply at 15,000,000,000 barrels, five billion barrels above the minimum estimated by himself and his assistant experts.

—Work makes men. Luck usually fails. Pluck nearly always wins. To succeed in anything one must overcome obstacles. Force and fiber are built by hardships. Grit is as necessary in the making of a man as gumption. Hardships are not always handicaps. Often they are helps. Hang onto your job until you're sure of a better one. Dependable boys are in demand. And no boy can be depended upon who does not finish the task he sets his hand to do.—Ex.

—The first of several cases to recover blood money obtained by Mrs. Belle Gunness from the men she lured into her murder house on the promise of marriage has been brought in the LaPorte Circuit Court, Asel Helgelein, bringing action for $2,893.20, the amount Belle Gunness obtained from Andrew Helgelein before she killed him. It is understood that in event judgment is awarded Helgelein, relatives of other victims will bring suit for the amounts alleged to have been contributed to the amassing of Mrs. Gunness' estate by the men she duped into visiting her house under promise of marriage. Andrew Helgelein was the last known victim of murder hill farm.

This is the most dangerous time of the year to catch cold, and it is the hardest time to cure it. If you should take cold a few doses of Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, will act very promptly. Its laxative principle cures the cold by driving it from the system by a gentle but natural action of the bowels. Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes so good, nearly like maple sugar. It is sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

The Farmers' Creed.

I believe in the trinity of deep preparation, liberal fertilization and rapid cultivation of the soil.

I believe in the making and saving of barnyard manure as the standard of all fertilizing material and as the surest means of enriching our soil so as to make paying crops.

I believe in the imperative necessity of adding humus to our soil.

I believe in the great value of rotation of crops and of the planting of the legumes to add fertility to our soil and increase our yields.

I believe in raising cattle upon our farms; that it is necessary for the proper development of the highest type of farmers as well as a necessary part of any balanced system in farming.

I believe in growing home supplies that we may use our time and lands to best advantage and for the surest profit and least strain.—Southern Cultivator.

Dipping Hogs.

Abe Enochs of Stockdale, Kan., thinks that hogs suffer from two troubles which he believes cause about all of the so called hog cholera. "Lice and worms," said Mr. Enochs, "cause more losses to farmers than anything else. Some time ago I invested in a dipping tank and keep well supplied with dip. I do not dip my hogs at certain seasons, but very often and just as often as I think they need it. Once a month is none too often to dip them. In that way they are kept free from lice, which is a great benefit to the hogs. Then the worms are the other pest. I feed worm remedies, which I find effective. Besides this, I salt my hogs. No person would think hogs cared much for salt. But I find that they like it and will eat it all the time if they can get at it. Since I commenced to handle my hogs this way I have never lost a single one."—Drovers' Telegram.

Sheep on Rough Land.

Sheep do finely on rough hill land where little but grass can be grown, and there is no kind of live stock that may be purchased at so small an original outlay as sheep and none that will increase so rapidly in numbers and value. Neither is there any that may be housed satisfactorily at so small an outlay for buildings and none that will so surely and quickly subdue rough land by browsing on bushes, sprouts or weed growths.

The old and often quoted saying, "The sheep hath a golden hoof," may prove literally true to the man who owns a rough farm, too rough for the economical keeping of most other kinds of live stock, for while the flock will be utilizing weeds and bushes in making wool and mutton they will at the same time be reclaiming the land, making it more fertile and of greater value.

Early Lambs Profitable.

Under favorable conditions there are many advantages in having the lambs come early. Early lambs can be cared for before the flock is turned out on the pasture. They come at a season when there is ample time to give them the care they require.

When lambs come so late in the season that the dams are out on pasture the busy time has arrived, and there is danger that the flock may be neglected. A second advantage is found in the fact that early lambs can be pushed on and made ready for early markets. While it is true that considerable grain is required to accomplish this, it is also true that, owing to the higher price obtained, the grain pays a good profit.

Horse Notes.

Remember that overfatness in a sire may hide many defects.

As a rule, a horse broad in the forehead will be intelligent and kind.

Breed for a purpose. The average farmer should breed the draft horse.

Feed judiciously rather than plentifully. Many horses are fed into a poor condition.

After a day's work clean the work horses thoroughly. Wash their legs from the knees down and rub dry.

Breed preferably to a sire that is regularly worked on the farm or has regular road experience every day.

The horses will get more benefit from their rest at noon if the harness is removed as soon as they get to the stable.

Shredded Fodder.

Good shredded corn fodder is very palatable. It of course can be fed to all kinds of farm stock except hogs. It seems especially adapted to horses and sheep and is a decidedly high class feed for beef cattle and dairy cows. It will be eaten up much more completely than when the fodder is fed whole. What is not eaten makes excellent bedding and is readily distributed in the manure.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Beware the Bull.

The man who attempts to lead a bull without a nose stick is taking his life in his hands. No matter how long a bull behaves himself, there is always a murder streak in his make-up, and this is likely to break out at any minute. A bull is about the most treacherous and unreliable animal on earth except a bulldog.—Farm Progress.

Winter Manuring.

Spread the barnyard manure over the land as it is hauled daily from the barn, and if the soil is not too stiff disk it under in the spring. The manure will suffer less deterioration spread over the ground than if piled in a heap.—Country Gentleman.

EMIL THAMM,

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FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Housecleaning Hints.

As all the polishing soaps and powders are dear, it may be useful to some economical minds to know that brown paper and vinegar will go a long way toward removing rust and stains from tin.

To clean windows try this method. Take two or three pieces of lump starch, dissolve them in a quart of water and with this wash the windows. Let the glass dry, then polish with a dry cloth.

To remove stains of long standing from marble mix one gill each of soapsuds and ox gall and half a gill of turpentine. Then add as much fuller's earth as will make a paste and rub it on the stains. Leave it on a few days and then wipe off. It may be necessary to repeat the operation.

Pork Pudding.

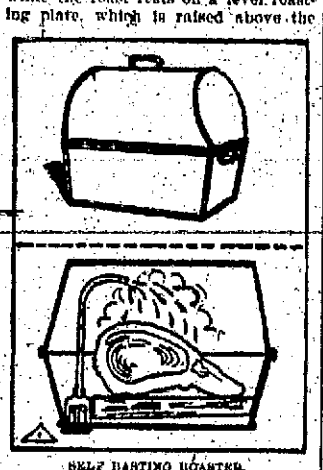
Make a paste with one-quarter pound of suet and one pound of flour, line a pudding dish with a part of it, wash free from salt one and one-half pounds of pickled pork, cut it into squares a little larger than dice, fill the lined basin with this, sprinkling in a little pepper and flour, add about one-half teacupful of water, cover with the remainder of the paste, which pinch well round, tie a cloth over, plunge into boiling water and boil at least two and one-half hours.

Geranium Sachet.

Geranium sachet is made with crushed geranium leaves, orris root, lemon peel and ground vanilla bean. One can proportion it to suit the fancy, making one odor predominate. A good sachet to put into heavy pincushions is made with dried coffee grounds, allspice, cinnamon, cloves, orris root, ground vanilla bean and musk. The scent is strong, lasting and pleasant. The coffee grounds make an excellent heavy filling. Dry them thoroughly in the oven.

Improved Roasting Pan.

A roasting pan that bastes the meat automatically is a recent invention. It is supplied with a percolator, the operation of which is performed by the action of the heat and the water which is in the bottom of the roasting pan. The pan has an inclined bottom, so that the water which it contains runs down toward the percolator, while the roast rests on a level roasting plate, which is raised above the



SELF BASTING ROASTER.

bottom of the pan and keeps the meat out of the water. In using the roaster two quarts of water are poured into the pan, the roasting plate put in and the percolator set in place. The roast is then put in and the cover put in place and the whole placed in the top of the oven, where it is allowed to remain under the action of the heat for the usual length of time. The water is boiled in the aluminium plate which is part of the percolator and bubbles up, raising and lowering the check valve and gradually forcing the water up the pipe, from which it is sprayed over the meat.

Golden Chips.

Six pounds peeled pumpkin, five pounds granulated sugar, six lemons, one-fourth pound green ginger root. Cut the pumpkin in thin, narrow strips like string beans. Add the sugar and let stand overnight. Add the grated rind, juice and pulp of the lemons; also the ginger root after being washed, scraped and chopped fine. Let all boil together until of the consistency of thin marmalade. This will fill ten or twelve jelly tumblers.

Cheese Fingers.

To make cheese fingers take one cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one-quarter of a cupful of grated cheese, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, one-half of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix with water as for biscuit. Roll out thin, cut in half inch strips and bake pale brown in a moderate oven.

To Clarify Beeswax.

To make beeswax place comb in a coarse muslin bag and put a small stone to weight the contents. Put in kettle, cover with water and boil. The wax comes to the top of the water, and the sediment remains in the bottom of the kettle. Remove wax when cold.

Potato Soup.

Cut potatoes fine and boil them with plenty of water. Do not drain, but when nearly done add half a cup of sour cream, a little butter and seasoning. It tastes better than it sounds.

Number the Irons.

Housewives will find that numbering the irons with chalk will be a simple way of determining which iron was used last when there are several on the stove.

A Life Note.

"Life is what we make it," said the philosopher.

"Alas," exclaimed the practical one, "that we can't make it a million!"

We ask Providence to make us thankful for what we receive and then go to figuring on just how much Providence is going to send us.—Atlanta Constitution.

NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

What the Sailor Will Do to Obtain Shore Leave.

As illustrating how men respond and adjust themselves to reward, or, what comes to the same thing, the maximum satisfaction for a given amount of effort, two instances that came under my observation while in the navy are very interesting. One cruise was made on a vessel whose executive officer was in most respects a very able man. Discipline in general was admirable. In arranging for shore leave of the enlisted men, however, he managed so to arrange matters, strange as it may seem, that it was possible for a man in an inferior conduct grade to get more liberty than one of the best behaved men. This was of course entirely unnatural and came about from a combination of two separate systems. The reason was that naval regulations compelled the giving of at least a certain amount of shore leave to men in the second grade, while the system he was using actually allowed less to a man in the first grade. The result was that in a short time the bulk of the men were in the second conduct grade where they could get the most liberty. At a later date, on another ship, the executive officer was an extremely able man, who had studied this question more carefully and was a great believer in making it worth while for the men to behave themselves and keep in a high conduct grade. He so arranged matters that if any man behaved himself sufficiently well and did all his work with high efficiency he could have an unusual amount of liberty. The result was that this ship had more than half its crew in what is known as the "special first class," far and away the largest percentage that ever came under my observation.—Walter M. McFarland in Engineering Magazine.

EXPERT PLAYERS.

Four Ladies and an Interesting Attempt at Whist.

The following conversation was overheard by a waiter at a ladies' club. The man was able to use his knowledge of shorthand to take notes, having once been a reporter:

"Jane," said Maria, "it is your lead."

"Why, no," answered Jane; "it is Ida's."

"No," spoke up Ida; "it is not my lead. Susan dealt the cards."

"Why, then, it must be my lead," said Maria. "What's trumps?"

"Hearts!" shouted three young voices in unison.

"Well, there is my lead," said Maria, playing the deuce of clubs.

"But you must lead a trump card, my dear," cried Jane.

"Yes, and lead the biggest trump you have in your hand," put in Ida, Jane's partner.

"Well, then, here is the queen of hearts," said Maria.

"Oh, you mean thing, you!" exclaimed Jane. "That takes my king."

"But I will take the trick, for I have the ace," said Ida.

"But," remarked Susan, "that is the ace of diamonds."

"So it is," said Ida. "Well, here is the four of hearts."

"I've got the ace of hearts," purred Susan. "Does that take the trick?"

"Of course it does," answered Jane.

"No, it doesn't," said Ida. "A court card always takes another card."

"Oh, let's stop playing!" cried Maria wearily. "It's no fun when there are no men to tell you how to play."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Duel.

Gaston burst like a whirlwind in upon his friend Alphonse. "Will you be my witness?" he cried.

"Going to fight?"

"No; going to get married."

Alphonse after a pause inquired, "Can't you apologize?"—Argonaut.

Two Tragedies.

To a woman there are two tragedies. One is not getting the man she loves; the other is getting him. The first is resignation, the second disillusion.—New York Herald.

I have been at ENGSTROM'S GROCERY; and you can tell that I am pleased. Its an old idea about a pleased customer being the best advertisement for a store. We believe in continuous advertising of this kind. Our Groceries are of the satisfying sort. You will find that every article from our stock is well worth the price, and will be glad to order another lot of the same brand. We lay more stress on high quality than on low price. Our values are just. Make up an order for us and be pleased.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

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New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

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Send your order and money to

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Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

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Cards, not exceeding one inch, $1.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday March 4, 1909.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN, the famous turfman, died at his home in Arcadia, California, on Monday.

THE death of Alfred L. Snell, editor of the Oil City Derrick occurred on Wednesday of last week. His sorrowing family has the sincere sympathy of the MINER.

AFTER attacking 36 women in the past few weeks, Berlin's famous ripper was placed under arrest last Friday. He is a young man but the police were not able to identify him.

IT is now claimed that William Jennings Bryan is going to write a novel, dramatize it and put it on the stage. Mr. Bryan is also quoted as saying that he will probably be in the cast of his proposed play. The Silver Tongued Orator will undoubtedly make a decided hit in his new vocation.

THAT he has successfully solved the problem of storing up the sun's rays and converting them into electrical energy, a problem on which the scientists of the world have been diligently working, is the claim made by a Boston inventor, George S. Cove of Somerville, Mass. Mr. Cove demonstrates the success of his invention by lighting his workshop at Somerville, with electricity generated from a simple apparatus on the roof. No wires of any sort enter his buildings from outside lighting sources yet the incandescent globes twinkle merrily day and night and electricians from the Institute of Technology who have watched with interest his experiments declare themselves enthusiastic over his success.

HERE is the way Brother Layman of the Port Allegany Reporter looks at the prospects for paving the main streets of that borough with State aid: The only hope for Port Allegany paving this year (or within the next generation if we miss it this year) lies in the passage of a revenue bill introduced into the lower branch of the legislature a day or two ago. The bill provides for bonding the State and borrowing fifty million dollars for road improvement. This would let Governor Stuart carry out his pet hobby of a state highway from Philadelphia to Harrisburg and possibly provide funds to lay eighteen feet of brick up the middle of Main and Mill streets, provided we raise the money and pay for the balance from our own shekles. We have already provided the shekles to meet the question and it is still up to the State as it has been for the past year.

THE Bradford Era of Monday tells some good plain facts and makes some wise predictions in the following:

On Saturday The Era contained a quotation from an editorial published in 1797 in a Philadelphia newspaper called the Aurora. The article spoke of the retiring president, George Washington, as a menace to the liberties of the people and it referred to the great boon which his retirement from public life would bring to the new republic.

That editorial is of peculiar interest just now when so many patriots are worrying because President Roosevelt can not be thrown out of office even before the few more days of his term shall have expired.

Posterity will have a much better opinion of Roosevelt than is entertained by his contemporaries. Lincoln was regarded as a "menace" by many critics who figured in affairs in the Sixties. The "knockers" of those days are now obliterated from the memory of the people, but the name of Lincoln continues to become more lustrious with the passing years. Mark Hanna, alive, was one of the most shamefully abused men in public life. Mark Hanna, dead, is respected by his fellow-countrymen as an excellent citizen and one who possessed patriotic attributes.

Edgar Allen Poe, while living, was regarded as an erratic, irresponsible, tippling rhymester. Poe to-day is recognized the world over as a great poet, a leading figure—if not the leader—in American literature. Thomas Edison to-day excites but little admiration in comparison with that which the future will bestow upon him. In the years to come he will be hailed as the world's greatest scientific inventor.

When Marconi came to New York a few years ago with his "wireless telegraph he was discredited. The smart paragraphers made fun of, his claims, his personal diffidence and other peculiarities. In days to come Marconi's name will be glorified as that of a great genious who accomplished much for mankind

In our ordinary impressions of men as the men appear to us from day to day, we are likely to draw conclusions which are cruelly unfair and unjust. And if we were really wise we would not form these premature conclusions. We would take broader views of their motives and works

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

It is not usual for the cabinet of a president to be announced before his inauguration. To the best of my knowledge there has always been doubt and uncertainty until after the official announcement of the president from the White House. It is, however, characteristic of the candor and non-secretiveness of the President-elect that the country now knows that with the acceptance by Mr. McVeagh, a merchant of Chicago, of the Treasury Portfolio, the cabinet of the new President is arranged and fixed. There are only two hold-overs from President Roosevelt's cabinet—men who have sat with Judge Taft at the council table of the nation. They are Mr. Meyer, at present Postmaster General, who will be Secretary of the Navy in the Taft administration, and Mr. Wilson, the venerable Secretary of Agriculture who will remain at his present post. The present cabinet will be distinguished for a remarkably strong battery of eminent lawyers, with the President himself on the bench as it were in the cabinet room. Five members of the present cabinet are distinguished men of the legal profession, men of ripe learning and experience in various branches of the law.

The President-elect who is now in New York, is expected in Washington on Saturday, the 27th inst., and will remain here as a guest of the Boardmans until after March the fourth, when he will transfer his activities to the White House. It is announced that soon after his inauguration he will visit the ranch of Charles P. Taft near San Antonio, Texas, where a residence for him is building and golf links are laid out.

Interesting information comes from China in the form of an official private letter to the President-elect in which the attitude of the Chinese government as represented by the Regent concerning vital Chinese questions, is explained at length. This letter confirms the intention of the Chinese government to carry out the reforms and the progressive policy which the world has understood depended mainly on the recently deposed Grand Counselor. It also expresses the wish that the Japanese may withdraw entirely from Manchuria and that they, at some future time, may find it advisable to relinquish their occupancy of Korea. The President-elect is peculiarly well informed in matters relating to China. His long residence in the Philippines; his visits to China and Japan and his tour through China, Siberia and Manchuria has given him an insight and a sympathetic interest in questions relating to the policy and the progress of this great Oriental Empire. This letter of the Chinese Regent is doubtless a recognition of his interest and expected influence in vital matters pertaining to Oriental civilization and is another indication of our prominence in world politics.

During the past week I went to Old Point Comfort to see the incoming fleet returning from its around-the-world voyage, accompanied by eight big iron-clads that had been sent out on the Atlantic to meet and conduct it home. I cannot say that the spectacle was very impressive. Sixteen large white iron-clads moved up the still waters of Hampton Roads at a speed of only seven knots per hour and saluted with boom on cannon the President's yacht, the Mayflower, as each iron-clad passed. It is something for congratulation that so powerful a fleet has circumnavigated the globe without the firing of a destructive shot at anything except a harmless target. The ships had anything but a warworn or weatherbeaten appearance and it is hoped that they are worth as much as they cost and that in preserving peace according to the idea of the President, they will pay for their enormously expensive upkeep.

Aprops of the Navy, the President has sent another message to Congress urging a greater Navy, advising radical changes, recommending more authority for the Secretary of the Navy and favoring continued preparedness for war. He insists particularly on the co-operation of the Navy Department and the War Department as recently reorganized in defensive preparations and in the establishment of naval stations, calling attention to the good work done in the reorganization of the Army under the plan formulated by Secretary Root. He urges remodeling along the same lines, the naval establishment and administration.

The President's interest and activity up to almost the last day of his administration is not unexpected. He has, however, stopped making appointments, announcing that petitions for places must be presented to his successor after March the 4th. Congress is not paying much attention to the President's recommendations, treating them very much as James J. Hill treats the President's Farm Uplift enterprise, "as of little more importance than the twittering of the first robin in spring," to which Mr. Hill says we might as well listen as to the report of the Farm Commission appointed by President Roosevelt.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 20, 1909:

Leslie G. Bucklin, Case Cutlery Co. (3), Mrs. Lillian Foster, Mrs. Forbes, Ed. J. McNearney.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Some people won't trust to luck, but they are sorry afterwards. Will you?

The best known pills and the best pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They are small, easy to take, gentle and certain, and are sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Statement.

SMETHPORT ODD FELLOWS' HALL ASSOCIATION
Smethport, Pa., March 3, 1909.

Statement of assets and liabilities of said Association as shown by the books of said Association on the 3rd day of March, A. D. 1909.

ASSETS.

Real estate	$6451.57
Furniture and Fixtures	500.00
Cash on hand	393.79
Rent due to Jan. 1, 1909	115.84
Total	$7467.45

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$5000.00

List of stockholders and number of shares held by each in the SMETHPORT ODD FELLOWS' HALL ASSOCIATION:

J. H. Taite	2
C. Lemmler	5
A. B. Armstrong	10
C. A. Burdick	1
H. M. Choate	2
Clermont Lodge, No. 949, I. O. O. F.	50
Fred Digel	4
Walter Dick	20
Frank Hafner	20
Wm. Haskell	20
H. L. McCoy	10
M. Herzog	15
H. W. Rubin	05
H. W. Rubin, Trustee	3
H. W. Roeder, Guardian	24
Smethport Lodge, No. 389, I. O. O. F.	171
Smethport Encampment, No. 278, I. O. O. F.	50
Foster Lodge, No. 388, I. O. O. F.	16
	500

This Association declared a 6% dividend payable March 5, 1909.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:

H. W. Rubin, secretary of the association above named, being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say that the above and foregoing statement of the assets and liabilities, and the names and number of shares held by the stockholders thereof as shown by the above statement, is true.

H. W. RUBIN.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 4th day of March, 1909.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Notary Public.
My commission expires February 17th, 1913.

Administrator's Sale.

Estate of Emma J. Roeder, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, the undersigned administrator of said decedent will expose, at public sale, at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 30th day of March, A. D. 1909, at 11 o'clock a. m., of that day, the following described messuage and tract of land:

All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning in the centre of the highway leading up Digel Hollow at the northeast corner of the Thomas Goodwin farm, and southeast corner of Keating lot No. 10; thence west 64 perches to a post corner; thence south 80 degrees west 81.4 perches to a post corner; thence north 76 degrees west 83.2 perches to a post corner; thence east 57 perches to the centre of said highway; thence along said highway north 48 degrees east 19.7 perches, and south 16.8 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 13.8 acres, be the same more or less, and being part of Keating lots Nos. 10 and 11, and part of Warrant No. 2009.

The eastern part of said premises having been conveyed to the said Emma J. Roeder by H. W. Roeder by deed dated May 22nd, 1895, recorded in Deed Book Vol. No. 81, at page 198, and the western part thereof having been conveyed to Juliana C. Roeder by Thomas Goodwin and wife by deed dated April 17th, 1885, recorded in deed book Vol. No. 70, page 410, and by the said Juliana C. Roeder devised to the said Emma J. Roeder.

The said tract of land being all improved and well watered and having thereon a 30x40 frame barn and several fruit trees.

Terms of sale: One-third of the purchase price down at time of sale, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the usual place of holding elections in the School District of the Borough of Smethport, Pa., on Saturday, April 3rd, 1909, between the hours of 7 o'clock a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of obtaining the assent of the electors of said School District to an increase of its indebtedness.

The amount of the last assessed valuation is $511,280.00
The amount of the existing debt is 10,400.00
The proposed increase is 12,000.00
The percentage of the proposed increase is .0253

The debt is to be increased for the purpose of building a new building for school purposes.

NOTE. This proposed increase is in place of an increase of $25000.00 authorized in 1907 but never made.

D. C. YOUNG,
President.

Attest:
F. D. GALLUP,
Secretary.
Smethport, Pa., March 3, 1909.

Splendid Farm On Main Road For Only $4,000

We offer for sale the Munn farm of 70 acres, located ½ mile from Canadea, N. Y., on Pennsylvania railroad, and main road from Olean to Rochester, to be a macadamized highway. 15 acres river bottom, 25 acres first upland, 25 acres second upland, can all be plowed. Free from stone and very productive. Living spring in every field. Fair fences 75 trees grafted fruit, plums, pears, cherries and grapes. 10-room house in good repair, barn 30x60, stable and shed 16x60, wagon house, hog pen, hen house. Buildings painted and in fine repair. Spring water at house and barn. Close to school, postoffice, cheese factory and church. Price only $4,000. Terms $1,000 cash, balance $200 a year and interest at 5 per cent. Possession April first.

HERRICK AGENCY
Bolivar, N. Y.

NEW CABINET SHOP

Book Cases, Chiffoniers, Stands, Tables, etc., made to order. All kinds of furniture repaired in a neat and serviceable manner. Please give me your patronage. Nelson street, near Bank street.

H. H. BEEBE

Spring is Here!

Do you want any fence posts?

The price EACH will be from 8 to 15 cents.

Can you use any early seed potatoes at $1.50 per bushel? The kinds are EARLY IRISH COBBLERS and EARLY MANISTEE. I also have the N. Y. 12 rowed early yellow field corn at $2.50 per bushel. I still have some second-hand lumber to sell.

Do you want to buy a Studebaker wagon. Also I have the Carmon No. 3 late potato, blight proof, and the only potato in McKean County at $1.50 per bushel.

C. H. GLEASON.

Report of the Condition

—OF—

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK OF MCKEAN COUNTY, AT SMETHPORT, IN THE STATE OF PENNA., AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, FEB. 5, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 242180 53
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		310 90
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		5881 25
Bonds, securities, etc.		11836 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		25578 24
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)		422 96
Due from approved reserve agents		14980 12
Checks and other cash items		127 50
Exchanges for Clearing House		1770 17
Notes of other National Banks		4976 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		803 16
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	4717 45	
Legal-tender notes	10638 00	15355 45
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)		2500 00
		$427109 35

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 100000 00
Surplus fund	11500 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	3958 38
National Bank notes outstanding	99900 00
Dividends unpaid	220 00
Individual deposits subject to check	211502 75
Certified Checks	83 03
Cashier's checks outstanding	500 19
	$427109 35

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss:
COUNTY OF MCKEAN, }

I, J. W. LEE, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. W. LEE,
Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of Feb., 1909.

E. R. MAYO,
Notary Public.

Notarial Seal.
My commission expires January 28th, 1911.

Correct—Attest:
A. B. ARMSTRONG,
H. W. RUBIN,
JOHN N. APPLE,
Directors.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Psalm of Life—Continued.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

Grant was a hero. He loved a good cigar. You can get the best cigars and tobacco in town at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Buffalo's Biggest Indoor Production!

BUFFALO LAUNCH CLUB'S

$15,000 POWER BOAT AND SPORTSMEN'S SHOW $15,000

"A Spectacular Show for Everybody"—A Real Rose Arbor Ceiling—Forest Effect of Big Trees—Aisles of Growing Flowers—Ornithological and Mounted Animal Display—80 Staff Trees—2,000 Flowering Plants—5,000 Electric Lights—10,000 Fireproof Roses—A Glittering Scene of Beauty

ALL NEXT WEEK — CONVENTION HALL BUFFALO, N. Y. ELMWOOD CARS PASS THE DOOR — MARCH 8th - 13th

NEW SPRING SHIRTS | NEW SPRING HATS

GENTLEMEN

We are ready for your Spring selections. The finest line of piece goods we have ever shown and prices that will surely appeal to you. A fit guaranteed.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS,
Bon Bons and Chocolates.

Butterick Patterns

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

DO YOU USE WAVERLY

The Oil you have been looking for. The use of WAVERLY means perfect lubrication, increases the horse-power and gives bearings a free smooth action. Special Oils for

Farm Machinery Cream Separators Dynamos and Motors
Steam Engines Machinery Turbine Engines
Automobiles Air Compressors

"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."

Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard kicker, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, dust and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Better Not Get Dyspepsia

If you can help it. Kodol prevents Dyspepsia, by effectually helping Nature to Relieve Indigestion. But don't trifle with Indigestion.

A great many people who have trifled with indigestion, have been sorry for it—when nervous or chronic dyspepsia resulted, and they have not been able to cure it.

Use Kodol and prevent having Dyspepsia.

Everyone is subject to indigestion. Stomach derangement follows stomach abuse, just as naturally and just as surely as a sound and healthy stomach results upon the taking of Kodol.

When you experience sourness of stomach, belching of gas and nauseating fluid, bloated sensation, gnawing pain in the pit of the stomach, heart burn (so-called), diarrhoea, headaches, dullness or chronic tired feeling—you need Kodol. And then the quicker you take Kodol—the better. Eat what you want, let Kodol digest it.

Ordinary pepsin "dyspepsia tablets," physics, etc., are not likely to be much benefit to you, in digestive ailments. Pepsin is only a partial digester—and physics are not digesters at all.

Kodol is a perfect digester. If you could see Kodol digesting every particle of food, of all kinds, in the glass test-tubes in our laboratories, you would know this just as well as we do.

Nature and Kodol will always cure a sick stomach—but in order to be cured, the stomach must rest. That is what Kodol does—rests the stomach, while the stomach gets well. Just as simple as A, B, C.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say, that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist for the bottle. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

OUR FIRST RUMMAGE SALE

Starts Friday, March 5.

We have carefully gone over all departments and picked out the slow sellers, broken lines and remnants for quick selling. These are marked at a fraction of their worth.

These goods have been divided into classes, wrapped in packages and marked 25, 50 and 75c.

Three prices are cash and no goods from Rummage Sale will be exchanged.

We guarantee to give you the value you give for your package and more, sometimes ten times more. That is, if you buy a 25c package you may get a 75c article, and so on.

See panels in our window. None sold before 9:00 o'clock Friday morning.

The Lindholm Company

DALY & GARLICK

SOLAR ELECTRO-INVERTED LIGHTS.

HANDSOME, Durable and Economical.

Call and see them at

Daly & Garlick's.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 4, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—March came in like a lamb.

—Note the change of advertisement of H. W. Rubin.

—Daly & Garlick are advertising a new gas light this week.

—Easter novelties are advertised by H. C. Wells this week.

—Note the new advertisement of The Lindholm Co. in this issue.

—St. Patrick's Day is one week from next Wednesday, March 17th.

—C. H. Gleason has an advertisement in to-day's issue that all should read.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George Ritchie on Friday, Feb. 26, 1909, a boy.

—Elmer Heath has placed a new pool sign in front of his pool room on Main street.

—Theron Lyle and sisters have moved into the F. A. Green house on Hill street.

—Fry & Comes have a new advertisement this week that is of special interest.

—It begins to look as though we would have an ice famine this coming summer.

—Mrs. James A. Lindsey died at her home in Bradford last Thursday evening aged 54 years.

—Mrs. W. A. Harris has been confined to the house for several days with a severe hoarseness.

—William Simpkins and family have moved into the house at the corner of Water and Pine streets.

—The Tuna Window Glass plant at Clarksburg, W. Va., resumed operations last Friday at mid-night.

—A number of little friends of Ralph Rice tendered him a surprise party at his home on Mill street last Friday evening.

—The Ladies' Aid of the Baptist church will hold a cooked food sale at George Brennan's store on Saturday afternoon.

—An organization is being formed in Coudersport to purchase and enlarge the Dean hospital and sanitarium in that place.

—Judge Gleason had a very interesting assault and battery case last Friday, the principals being two well known East Smethport men.

—If Smethport is going to have an amateur baseball team this year it is about time the fans were making plans for organizing. The people are ripe for it if someone will make the start.

—John Green and family of Olean, former residents of this town, have moved to Buffalo where they will make their home in the future.

—The Travellers' Club tea will be held Saturday, March 6, at the club house, from 3 to 6 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend. Tea 10c.

—Rev. F. J. Dugan will preach next Sunday evening at St. Elizabeth's church on "Have We Religion." This is a continuation of his list of Lenten sermons.

—There is some newspaper talk that Chamberlain Military Institute may be moved from Randolph to Lakewood and that the Kent house may be used for quarters for this school.

—Monroe Robison, a highly respected resident of Hazelhurst, died this morning. He was a member of McKean Lodge No. 388, F. & A. M. of this borough. A fitting obituary will be published next week.

—Mrs. Murphy was operated on by Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Craft, on Water street last Thursday afternoon for an abcess on one of her lungs. She is reported to be improving.

—The Evening Post is a new newspaper venture just launched in Corry. As Corry has two other evening papers the Post will probably have a hard time of it. One daily paper is enough for a town the size of Corry.

—Hadley G. Foster, aged 36 years and former resident of Bradford was blown to pieces in a nitro-glycerine explosion near Salen, W. Va., last Friday. He is survived by his wife, father, three sisters and three brothers.

—Smethport will have two holidays this year that other towns do not have. They were taken over there Friday by George Shepard, and by the same token Port Allegany will have two less, jocularly remarks the Reporter.

—It is now pretty near a certainty that Fielder A. Jones, the great Chicago White Sox ball player and manager who hails from Shinglehouse, has given up the national game and will devote his time to his lumber interests in Oregon.

—Irwin Lewis, a young Franklin township farmer, was hanged in the Chester county prison last Thursday. Lewis, according to his own confession, beat his step-daughter, Mary Newton, into unconsciousness and then buried her alive.

—Cyrus E. Barrett, who is employed at the Smethport Glass factory, met with a painful accident early Monday morning while at work in that plant. A gas engine which runs a hoisting machine broke down and Mr. Barrett and a fellow-workman were running the hoist with their hands when in some manner his hand slipped and was caught in the cog wheels, badly smashing the ends of the first two fingers on his right hand. Dr. Ostrander dressed his hand and Mr. Barrett expects to return to his duties in about two weeks.

—Next Monday morning C. G. Raymond will become manager of the Nanmundah Steam Laundry, which he relinquished some months ago. Mr. Raymond is an expert laundryman and good work is assured to all. We wish Mr. Raymond success.

—An effort is being made to so arrange it that Olean can pension Mrs. Hassett on account of the murder of her husband, Police Captain Timothy Hassett. It would be a noble act and a fitting tribute to his bravery in the discharge of his duties.

—The Lyceum management will give a dance at the Smethport Lyceum on St. Patrick's night, Wednesday, March 17. Chadwick's full orchestra will furnish music and the price of tickets are $1.00 each. Everybody is invited to come and have a good time.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. No 8 a. m. service on first Sunday in the month. No service this week on Saturday, as the Rector expects to be in Ridgway at the Ordination of Br. Charnock of Bradford.

—At the meeting of the council last Monday evening the following appointments were make for the ensuing year: President of council, E. E. Heath; secretary, Fred Biever; borough treasurer, Charles Lemmler; street commissioner, John Cramsey; chief of police, Frank McCarthy.

—Our opinion of the weather has been asked so many times of late that we decided to write such an opinion for publication but after reading over the first lines we consigned it to the waste basket, knowing that if published, the edition would be supressed by the proper authorities.

—A University of Pennsylvania student has discovered a sentence in the English language which can be spoken, but not written, correctly. Here it is: "There are three twos in the English language." He says it is wrong to write it "twos," likewise to write it "tos" or "toos."

—The two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Hamlin, Mirabel and Hannah, underwent operations at the Bradford hospital last Thursday. Mirabel had several adenoids removed, and Hannah had her tonsils taken out. Both withstood the operations very well and are improving rapidly.

—Mrs. Louden, a woman aged about 40 years, committed suicide at Salamanca last Friday by hanging herself in the basement of the house in which she was employed as a domestic. She is survived by one daughter who resides in Olean. No cause is given for her self destruction.

—One evening last week while at a card party Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford was taken suddenly ill with appendicitis. She was taken to the Bradford hospital that night and operated on immediately. Her many friends in Smethport will be pleased to learn that she is improving as rapidly as possible.

—Mrs. Margaret Teal, wife of Benjamin Teal, one of the best known theatrical producers in this country, was on Friday convicted of attempted subornation of perjury in the divorce case of Helen Kelley Gould against Frank J. Gould. Mrs. Teal was sentenced to serve one year in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

—Patrolman Moses of the Olean police force, who was suspended shortly after the shooting of Captain Hassett, it being alleged that he had failed to do his duty when he encountered the latter's murderer, has been reinstated. Following an investigation Mayor Mandeville stated that there was nothing whatever in the evidence submitted to warrant his being removed from the force.—Bradford Era.

—The attendance at the regular session of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School last Sunday was 178. There were no special features and no effort had been made to swell the attendance for the day. This is said to be the largest attendance in the history of the school including special days like Easter and Children's day. Next Sunday is Missionary Sunday and there will be special features for the session.

—We have just received a copy of the Porto Rico Review, published at San Juan, and dated Jan. 30. It is a 20-page publication with cover and the pages are about 9x12 inches. All the news is published in the English and Spanish language and covers many topics of that and other countries. Among the list of passengers arriving at San Juan we find the names of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young. It is a live, up-to-date paper and apparently enjoys good patronage for a three-year-old.

—During the past week we have sent bills to our delinquent subscribers and already a large number have responded, but there are still several who have not come forward in the proper way. To those who have settled we extend our thanks and to those who have not, we wish to urge them to do so without delay. Everybody ought to know by this time that the Postoffice Department forbids us giving more than one year's credit and that unless these bills are paid we must cut such delinquents off the list.

—Last Thursday afternoon Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane performed an operation on N. Harry Knapp at the office of Dr. Burg Chadwick for the trouble in his throat. The swelling on the left side of his neck was opened from the outside and considerable puss removed. A tube was inserted to drain the sore and since that time Mr. Knapp has been greatly relieved. Dr. Kane is of the opinion that he is not suffering with cancer and thinks he will have him entirely cured in a reasonably short time. This will be pleasing news to Mr. Knapp's many friends in this vicinity.

Personal Mention.

John P. Devlin was in Kane on business Tuesday.

Hon. Henry Hamlin was a Bradford visitor last Friday.

Hon. Joseph W. Booton is in Erie this week holding court.

Webb Hopper spent Sunday with friens in Farmers Valley.

Charles Landon of Mt. Jewett was in town on business Monday.

Warley Gifford was in Bradford on business the first of the week.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town Tuesday.

Ed Hibbard of Coryville was a pleasant caller at this office on Saturday.

H. N. Rose of Columbus, Ohio, was a business visitor in town last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield have returned from a week's visit in New York.

Mrs. A. W. Mitchell of Erie is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Mrs. C. G. Raymond and Mrs. John Wagner, her guest, were Bradford visitors Monday.

W. G. Shoemaker, who has been visiting in town returned to his home in Buffalo Saturday.

Mrs. John Wagner and son, Donald, of Reynoldsville are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Raymond.

J. J. Roberts of Cores, N. Y., was in town on business Friday and while here he was a caller at this office.

Miss Grace Hollman has returned home from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Harvey Keller, at Monongahela City, Pa.

F. B. Grantier left Monday for Baltimore where he will visit friends and relatives. He also intends to attend the inauguration.

J. G. Backus left Tuesday morning for Pittsburg to attend the National Bowling Tournament in the interest of his pinsetters.

Miss Pearl Green of Buffalo, N. Y., a former resident of this place, was visiting at the home of her uncle, F. A. Green this week.

Mrs. Thomas H. Morrison was in Bradford the latter part of last week, called there by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. J. F. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Green, who have been the guests of the former's brother F. A. Green, left yesterday afternoon for their home in Connecticut, they were accompanied by Miss Pearl Green of Buffalo, who will spend the summer with them.

Senator Knox Resigns.

A dispatch from Harrisburg, March 2, says: Governor Stuart to-night received the resignation of Philander C. Knox as United States Senator, to take effect March 3. The Governor will transmit the resignation to the legislature next Monday night.

George T. Oliver of Pittsburg will be elected to succeed Senator Knox. Israel Durham and other prominent members of the Republican State organization said to night that they did not expect any opposition to Oliver.

The Republican members of the Senate and House of Representatives will hold a joint caucus on the United States senatorship Tuesday morning, March 15, at 9 o'clock, and the Houses will vote separately at noon on that day, to be followed by the joint session for the comparison and ratification of the vote on the afternoon of the next day, when Mr. Oliver will be formerly declared United States Senator.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Try your luck. Only 25, 50 or 75c, and you might not get much more out of it, but very likely you would draw a prize that would make you smile for a week. At The Rummage Sale.

Fresh oysters received every Tuesday and Friday at Model Restaurant. The best that can be bought in Baltimore.

WM. MONHEIMER.

WALKOVER SHOES

possess both style and quality.

If you never wore Walk-Over Shoes 'tis time to see what is doing here.

We claim that one pair of Walk-Over Shoes at $3.50 or $4.00 will out wear two pairs of shoes of any other make. Let's prove this! !

The new Spring Styles are here.

MONHEIMER'S.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

New Laces and Embroideries.

We direct your attention to a new lot of exquisite Laces and Embroideries which this store offers for your inspection this week.

The newest American and European style ideas are here represented in ample variety.

Your presence will be appreciated.

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

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THE CASH GROCER.

EASTER NOVELTIES

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

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is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT. - PENNA.

When you buy canned goods you want the best.

Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.

One trial will convince you

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

I have removed my stock of merchandise into the D. C. Young store building where I expect to continue business; and shall be pleased to greet my old customers as well as welcome new ones.

Special low prices still continue on millinery, coats, skirts, shirt waists and all wool goods.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Cupid In the Blizzard.

BY CECILY ALLEN.

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The Silver-Hess wedding, the absentmindedness of Mrs. Graves and the unprecedented November blizzard worked together for the good of Roland Baxter.

The Silver-Hess wedding was scheduled for Denver. The absentminded Mrs. Graves and the relentless blizzard met in Chicago.

Polly Hess had recently moved to Chicago, and when her brother's fiancee wrote that the wedding would occur directly before Thanksgiving day and would she please have a ducky frock of leaf green chiffon cloth to wear as maid of honor Polly instantly decided that Chicago was a very big city and one in which a new dressmaker must be sought with discretion.

Upon her musings entered Mrs. Graves, whose faculty for switching from one topic of conversation to another with lightning rapidity was as amusing to her friends as it was bewildering to new acquaintances. Said Mrs. Graves:

"Of course I can help you out. My friend, Mrs. Baxter—you never did see such clothes. By the way, didn't Mrs. Daly look like a frump at the club meeting Thursday? Now, Mrs. Baxter, my dear—did you ever hear worse violin music than we had on that program? Her address—oh, yes—672 Boulevard. Dear child, however did you train your lashes to curl like that?"

An hour later Roland Baxter, looking into the wonderful violet eyes beneath those same curling lashes, immediately decided that eyes, lashes and the owner thereof had dropped straight from heaven.

The Baxter maid was standing in the private hallway of the Baxter apartment explaining to Polly Hess that Mrs. Baxter was not yet up. Would Miss Hess call later in the day? Mrs. Baxter expected to be home all afternoon.

And at this instant the eldest scion of the house of Baxter added earnestly: "You'll surely find her here about 4. Do come back. She would be sorry to miss you."

Then by exerting all his will power he managed to stand perfectly still and watch the violet eyed angel take her departure.

Polly Hess walked through the sharp November air, feeling oddly bewildered.

"It must have been the place, and her name is Baxter, but I'm afraid her prices are way beyond me. She must be dreadfully smart, and I suppose she has to go out late to theaters and things to see the styles, but she ought to be up by 10 o'clock. Maybe she has a good forewoman. Anyhow, I am coming back. Dear me, it must be lovely to be able to buy frocks without figuring on the rent the dressmaker makes you help to pay."

At 3:50 Roland Baxter strolled into his mother's drawing room. The tea things were arranged on a convenient table, but the afternoon lowered, and guests would probably be few, Mrs. Baxter closed her magazine.

"Anything wrong at the office, Roland?" she inquired.

"No. Just thought I'd knock off. It's a hideous afternoon downtown, and pretty women around a tea table can make you forget the worst weather."

His astute mother was for once nonplused. Roland a willing sacrifice on the altar of her afternoon tea table! And then the maid announced Miss Hess.

"Oh, dear!" mourned Mrs. Baxter as she laid down her magazine. "I wonder what charity she represents."

Polly Hess paused, bewildered, in the doorway. Then, with a laugh tinged with dismay and just a little hysteria, she cried:

"Oh, now I know there is something wrong. Please, please forgive me. I've made such a dreadful mistake."

Mrs. Baxter stood midway between her chair and her flushed guest.

"Perhaps if you would explain"—

"Yes, do let me explain. I was looking for a dressmaker, and Mrs. Graves"—

"Mrs. Graves! Do not say another word. I can say it for you. Mrs. Graves admired a new frock I was showing her yesterday. She asked me for the address of my dressmaker. You asked her about a dressmaker, and she gave you my address when she thought she was giving you the dressmaker's. That's just like her."

The two women laughed in concert and then suddenly paused. Both had caught the rumble of masculine laughter and realized that Roland had risen and was standing, altogether expectant in attitude and expression.

"My son, Miss— Do tell me your name and stop for a cup of tea," murmured Mrs. Baxter, eager to relieve the girl's embarrassment. "Miss Hess? My son, Roland, light the alcohol stove and ring for some of that strawberry jam you love."

Mrs. Baxter meant only to undo the mischief wrought by her voluble and inaccurate friend, but in a few minutes she was sincerely interested in her charming if unexpected guest.

They had mutual friends in Denver, and Polly's great-grandfather and Mrs. Baxter's great-uncle had fought in the same regiment during the war of 1812.

So it happened that Roland Baxter was just wondering whether the ambrosia of the gods and strawberry jam sandwiches were interchangeable terms when somewhere far off a soft chime struck five times.

With the exquisite flush which was one of her best points Polly sprang to her feet.

"You've been so perfectly charming, Mrs. Baxter, that I've lost all track of time, and now it must be quite dark."

Mrs. Baxter was bending her head in listening attitude.

"Roland, that sounds like sleet. It must be storming."

Young Baxter hastened to the window and uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"The worst ever. You can't think of going out in it, Miss Hess."

"Oh, but I must! Please telephone for a cab. Mother will be so anxious."

Baxter rang up the nearest cab station.

"What's that? You wouldn't send a horse out in this storm? Are you running an animal society or a transportation line?"

Brief silence, then a prolonged whistle, and the receiver was hung up with decision.

"No venturing out for you, Miss Hess," he remarked, with unconcealed satisfaction. "It's a blizzard, the sort we usually get in February, and it's been tying up the town while we've been drinking tea."

"Oh, but I must, Mother will worry. Whatever shall I do?"

Polly's cheeks were pale now, and her dimples had faded.

"Do, my dear? Why, we will telephone your mother before the wires are down," interrupted Mrs. Baxter. "I trust your grocer and butcher beat the blizzard, and if you will be my guest until the storm is over"—

Impulsive Polly sprang forward and clasped the hand of her hostess.

"You are so splendid. I wish I could say what I feel"— And then, catching the light of a pair of hazel eyes watching her above the telephone book, she said "Oh!" very suddenly and turned her face the other way.

* * * * * * *

It was 11. The couple from the floor below who had come up for a game of whist had taken their departure. Mrs. Baxter was making the rounds of her apartment to be sure that all was fast against the storm, which still raged furiously. Polly and Roland stood in the round bay window looking down the storm blocked boulevard.

"What a cruel thing a big storm is!" said Polly.

"Not this storm. I think it is the finest old blizzard that ever blizzed." He tried hard to look into her eyes. "If I could just tell you what this blizzard means to me"—

He had been drawing her toward him with his glance, but now she drew back and summoned all her dimples.

"Please, please, not now, not here. It is your house, you see, and I'd have to be polite."

"Don't you want to be polite?" urged Roland Baxter significantly.

"I don't know. Oh, you are not playing fair. It's so soon"—

"Nothing of the sort," interrupted Roland recklessly. "It happened at 10 o'clock this morning. I remember the chimes ringing just as I looked into your eyes for the first time."

And again Polly Hess said "Oh!" which, oddly enough, seemed to satisfy her companion, for he dropped the heavy curtains, blotting out all sight of the raging elements, and drew her back into the circle of crimson shaded lamplight.

Cannibal Cows.

"Now, children," said the pretty teacher, "I want you all to write a composition on the cow. You know what a cow is. You know that a cow gives us all the milk we drink. Now, write me something original about the cow as you know her, nothing commonplace." It would take several pages to print the results, but there is room for at least one composition by a girl of seven:

"A cow is a quadruped having four legs and four feet. She gives milk and sometimes has horns, but not always. The cow's baby is called a calf and sometimes bossy. When a cow talks she lows. A cow with horns can hook, but a cow without horns is helpless. A cow is a carnivorous animal when she has a chance, but she ordinarily eats grass, if there is any. A cow is a cannibal if you let her alone, for she will eat her own kind."

The horrified teacher exclaimed: "Sallie May, where on earth did you get the idea, the ridiculous idea, that a cow is carnivorous and a cannibal? You meant to say that a cow is herbivorous or graminivorous."

"No, teacher. I read it in the Holy Bible. Don't you remember there were seven fine fat cows feeding near a brook and seven lean and hungry cows came and ate them up? See Genesis xli, 4."

Teacher reserved decision.—New York Press.

What Generosity Means.

"Many people get the credit of being generous who never felt a single generous impulse in their lives," says a close student of human nature.

"Their generosity, so called, has consisted simply in formal, cold, grudging almsgiving, carried out at the call of duty and unaccompanied by any spontaneous burst of feeling or sympathy.

"The highest generosity is full of strong, unhesitating self effacement and always inspires, except in debased natures, feelings of gratitude and affection. Almsgiving is one of the least of its attributes. It more often takes the form of helpfulness, sympathy and understanding. It gives forth compassion and encouragement of a kind which is far beyond money value.

"The secret of generosity is unselfishness, and the way to acquire it is to cultivate universal love and sympathy."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

OLD TIME TURKEY EAT

A Once Popular Feast In the Pennsylvania Mountains.

GONE WITH THE WOODSMEN.

The People, Traditions and Associations That Made It Possible Are No More, and It Joins In Oblivion the Apple Cut and Quilting Bee.

"It isn't because there is no more material in the Blue mountain region of Pennsylvania to provide a turkey eat that we have had the last of those famous festivities," said a former dweller of the district described, "for there are still wild turkeys a-plenty.

"The turkey eat has gone out with the passing of the people whose homes, traditions and manner of life made it possible and with the occupation that was once theirs.

"In the days when the turkey eat was the great winter festivity in the mountain districts between the Schuylkill and the Juniata watersheds the sparse population was chiefly of rude and rugged woodmen and their families, many of them descendants of pure Pennsylvania Dutch stock. Scores of them depended almost entirely on their skill with gun and trap for their food supply.

"The cabins of these mountaineers were built of logs, the chinks between which were filled in with clay. A huge stone chimney rose at one end of the cabin outside, covering that entire end, while on the inside it opened on a broad fireplace across that end of the room.

"The cabin was banked all around with earth, against which hemlock and pine boughs were heaped. Sometimes rows of cord wood were piled up almost to the eaves, the better to keep out the cold, which is always intense during winter on those wind swept hills.

"There was rarely a cabin with more than one room. The walls were dark and smoky, and from rafter or beam hung plentifully strips of jerked venison and chunks of smoked bear meat, along with hams and bacon from the family pigs fattened in the woods and almost as wild as the bear and the deer. But the choicest and best beloved thing of the cabin's larder was the fat and well frozen wild turkey.

"While the woodsman's cabin was always prepared for a turkey eat, it never knew when it was coming. A turkey eat began with the making up of a party in a neighboring village or settlement. Taking along a fiddler, they would appear at this, that or the other woodsman's cabin of a winter evening, and the woodsman and his family did the rest.

"Instantly the birch wood pail of cider came forth. While the cabin's guests drank cider the host prepared and spitted the turkey over the hickory coals in the fireplace to roast for the feast. When it was ready for the table it was placed before the guests on a big tin platter. Each one carved for himself, the plates being squares of birch bark.

"The turkey eat was not complete, though, without a liberal supply of 'paan haas' and head cheese, and with it went the sweetest of rye bread and butter. Paan haas is a strictly Pennsylvania Dutch creation.

"It is made from the rich juices left after boiling the ingredients for head cheese, these being thickened to a stiff paste with buckwheat flour. This paste is pressed in forms until cold and is served in slices. It is a dull blue in color, very rich and very good.

"After the feast the turkey eat was rounded out by a night of jollity superinduced by the fiddle and maintained by it in its music for the old fashioned cotillon figures and reels, which were danced until the gray of morning.

"But most of those old time woodsmen have passed away, and on those who are still dwellers in the mountains the game laws have forced a situation that leaves them with their ancient occupation gone, and the hunt being no longer a source of maintenance its traditions have departed with it. The newer generation of these people is of other tastes and associations, so while the wild turkey is yet in proximity in that Blue mountain region to supply the material for the festive turkey eat the traditions and associations that made it possible are no more, and it is gone, like the apple cut, the quilting bee, the pig killing frolic and others of the old time rural pastimes that are now but a memory."—New York Sun.

Hot Stuff.

The great editor looked up impatiently.

"Boy," he said, "what is that rustling in the wastebasket—a mouse?"

The boy after examining the basket answered:

"No, sir; it's one o' them poems o' passion throbbin'."

"Well, pour some water on it and then drop it out of the window," said the editor. "The building isn't insured."—Kansas Independent.

Cheap Riding.

Uncle Zeke (back from the city)—You talk about cheap ridin'! I rode twenty miles on a street k'yar, an' all it cost me was a nickel.

Uncle Jed—Gosh! That ain't nothin'. When I was thar last year I rode to the top of the tallest buildin' in town, an' it didn't cost me a blamed cent!—Chicago Tribune.

He who has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.—Holmes.

AS IT HAPPENED

On the third day of the honeymoon he observed: "Some said it was certainly Sarties, and some said it was Sir Herbert, but nobody said it was me. Yet I was chosen and they were rejected. Why?"

"You don't want to know, and I don't want to tell you."

"But I do want to know. You didn't care for me in the least. I have no illusions about myself. I am not nearly so good looking as Sarties, who certainly proposed to you at the Garstin-Venn's dance. Neither am I nearly so wealthy as that amiable and elderly knight, Sir Herbert, who unquestionably spoke to your father on the subject."

"That was just the reason why I married you."

"What! Because I was plainer than Sarties and poorer than Sir Herbert?"

"The same thing, but put rather differently. You were much better looking than Sir Herbert and much richer than Sarties. You're quite right about the Garstin-Venn's dance. Mr. Sarties did propose then, and I did not refuse him—not at the moment."

"Do I not know it? Was not his face transfigured?"

"He was terrifically handsome." She shrugged her shoulders. "What idiots girls are! I'm utterly tired of that Greek god business now. I think a man who is as handsome as all that always looks a little vulgar or even effeminate, which is worse. Mr. Sarties looked both; but, being a girl, I was also an idiot, and I did not refuse him. But I did not accept him either. I postponed—I spoke to papa."

"And your father said that Sarties was a pauper?"

"A pauper and a buffoon and a grinning ape and a liar. You know, dear papa never did like men who played the violin. He had an interview with papa, and papa was very rude, and Mr. Sarties wrote me a perfectly horrible letter which was meant to be sarcastic. So that finished it."

"And then?"

"Then Sir Herbert came along, and papa said that here was an honorable, upright gentleman who could well afford to maintain me in a proper position in life. Papa said he did not dream of coercing me in any way and that I was to make an absolutely free choice, and he would not let me refuse him finally. On the other hand, I would not accept him. How could I? Why, he was old—forty if he was a day. (Oh, Edward, dearest, do let us never not be young!) And then he was hideous."

"And then I came in. I was the compromise—not the ugly for you and not too poor for your father. And you did not care for me in the least."

"It was only that I did not know you well enough then. And papa always liked you."

"True. But I was not marrying your father."

"Girls are idiots! Oh, to think that I might have insisted on marrying that insufferable Mr. Sarties! Why did you make me tell you? It makes me feel so horrid! I can't think how even a girl could have been the idiot I was. The only sensible thing that I did was that I did accept you. You don't mind, do you? Not now?"

"It has always been my opinion," said her husband, "that the man who wins a race need not grumble very much that he did not get a good start."

"And you have won—most completely." She paused and then said pensively: "Do you know, I did not think you were really very fond of me either—just at first. You asked me just now why I accepted you. Now, tell me, why did you ask me to marry you?"

He smiled, paced the room once or twice and replied in her own words:

"You don't want to know, and I don't want to tell you."

"Then you didn't—not just at first. I was right. Then why on earth did you ask me to marry you? No; stop. Don't tell me. You made me tell you, but I don't want you to tell me. A woman's wiser than a man there, and yet some men say that women are curious. As a rule, they don't want to know half the things that men insist on telling them. So you didn't love me at first? I understand, of course. I can't help understanding. Was she as pretty as I am—that other girl who refused you just before you proposed to me? What an idiot she must have been! But, of course, girls always are idiots. I've said that before. It doesn't matter a bit when you come to think it over. We got engaged without being a bit in love with each other, but it turned out all right as it happened."

"Yes," he said, "it turned out very particularly all right as it happened. One doesn't deserve one's luck," he added solemnly.

She gave a sigh of relief. "I'm rather glad it was the same for the both of us," she said, "because that means it wasn't different for either, doesn't it?"

He assented. There was nothing else that he could have done.

She leaned back in the easy chair (saddlebag type, common to riverside inns that play at being hotels) and clasped her hands at the back of her head. "I'm so—so happy!" she murmured ecstatically.—Black and White.

In a Hurry.

A man applied at the marriage bureau the other day for a license. He was alone, and the clerk asked him where his prospective wife was.

"Why, I don't know, sir," he replied, in evident surprise.

"We can't give you a license unless she comes here with you and signs the books," was the reply.

"Well," he explained, "I don't see how I'm goin' to bring her. I ain't decided which one it's goin' to be yet."

And he went away crestfallen.—New York Post.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 277, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
I. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 247, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
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W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

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W. H. MONNISON, Com.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
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W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 21, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. C. O. F. Hall.
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Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
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Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

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St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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HORBLE SANK AT THE FIRST SHOT.

The Captain of the Northern Light

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

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It was a wild March day, and the rising wind sang in the rigging of the ships. The weather horizon, dark and brilliant, in ominous alternations showed a sky of piled-up cloud interspersed with inky patches where squalls were bursting. To leeward the broad lagoon, stretching for a dozen miles to the tree-topped rim of reef, smoked with the haze of an impending gale. Ashore, the palms bent like grass in the succeeding gusts, and the ocean beaches reverberated with a furious surf. The great atoll of Makin, no higher than a man, no wider than a couple of furlongs, but in circumference a sinuous giant of 50 miles or more, lay like a snake on the boisterous waters of the equator and defied the sea and storm.

Within the lagoon, and not far off the settlement, two ships rocked at anchor. One, the Northern Light, was a powerful topsail schooner of a hundred tons; straight bowed, low in the water, built on fine lines and yet sparred for safety, the sort of vessel that does well under plain sail, and when pressed can fly. The other, the Edelweiss, was a miniature fore and after of about 20 tons, a toy of delicacy and grace, betraying at a glance that she had been designed a yacht, and in spite of fallen fortunes, was still sailed as one. The man that laid her lee rail under would get danger as well as speed for his pains, and in time would be likely to satisfy a taste for both by making a swift trip to the bottom.

The deck of the Northern Light was empty save for the single tall figure of Gregory Cole, captain and owner, who was leaning over the rail gazing at the Edelweiss. He was a man of about 30, his tanned, handsome face overcast and somber, his eyes, with their characteristic hunted look, fixed in an uneasy stare on his smaller neighbor.

He had never known how passionately he had loved Madge Blanchard until he had lost her; until after that wild quarrel on Nonootch, when her father had called him a slaver to his face, and they had parted on either side in anger; until he had beaten up from westward to find her the month-old wife of Joe Horble. Somehow, in the course of those long, miserable months, he had never thought of her marrying; he felt so confident of that fierce love she had so often confessed for him; he had come back repentant, ashamed of the burning offense he had then taken, determined to let bygones be bygones, and to begin, if need be, a new and a more blameless way of life.

He had to see her. He was mad to see her. The thought of her tortured and tempted him without end. Suppose she, too, had learned that love is stronger than oneself; that the mouth can say Yes when the heart within is breaking; that she, like himself, had found the time to repent her folly? Was he the man to leave her thus; to acquiesce tamely in a decision that was doubtless already abhorrent to her; to remain with unlifted hands when she might be on fire for the sign to come to him? No, never! he'd beg her forgiveness and offer her the choice. Yes or no! It was for her to choose.

He jumped into the dinghy and pulled over to the schooner. Small at a distance, she seemed to shrink as he drew near her, so that when he stood up he was surprised to find his head above the rail. So this was Horble, this coarse, red-faced trader, with the pug nose, the fat hands, the faded blue eyes that met his own so sourly!

"Capt. Horble?" said Gregory Cole.

"Glad to see you aboard," said Horble.

They shook hands and sat side by side on the rail.

"Where's Madge?" said Gregory.

"Mrs. Horble's ashore," said the captain.

"I'm afraid I can never call her anything but Madge," said Gregory, detecting the covert reproach in the other's voice.

Horble was plainly ill at ease. His face turned a deeper red. He was on the edge of blurting out a disagreeable remark, and then hesitated, making an inarticulate sound in his throat. Like everybody else, he was afraid of the labor captain.

"Crew's ashore, too," said Gregory, glancing about the empty deck.

"There ain't no crew," muttered Horble.

"Thunder!" cried Gregory. "Do you do it with electricity, or what?"

"Me an' Madge runs her," returned Horble.

"Do you mean to say she pully-hauls your damn ropes?" exclaimed Gregory.

"Yes," said Horble. "What's 20 tons between the two of us?"

"And cooks?" said Gregory.

"And cooks," said Horble.

"I know she can sail a boat against anybody," said Gregory, wincing at the remark.

Horble spat in the water and said nothing. His fat, broad back said plainer than words: "You're an intruder! Get out!"

"I believe she's aboard this very minute," said Gregory, with a strange smile.

"She's ashore, I tell you," said Horble, sullenly.

"I'll just run below and make sure," said Gregory.

He slipped down the little companion way, looked about the empty cabin and peered into the semi-darkness of the only stateroom.

"Madge!" he cried. "Madge!"

Horble had not lied to him. There was not a soul below. But on the cabin table he saw Madge's sewing machine and a half-made dress of cotton print. She had always been fond of books, and there, in the corner, was her little bookcase, taken bodily from her old home in Nonootch. Scattered about here and there were other things that brought her memory painfully back to him; that hurt him with their familiarity; that caused him to lift them up and hold them with a sort of despairing wonder: her guitar, her worn, lock-fast desk, the old gilt photograph album he remembered so well. He sat down at the table and buried his face in his hands. What a fool he had been! What a fool he had been!

He was roused by the sound of Horble's footsteps down the ladder. With his head leaning on his hand, he looked at the big naked feet feeling for the steps, then at the uncouth clothes as they gradually appeared, then at the fat, weak, frightened face of the man himself. He grew sick at the sight of him. Would Horble strike him? Would Horble have the grit to order him off the ship? No; the infernal coward was getting out the gin—a bottle of square-face and two glasses.

"Say when," said Horble.

"When," said Gregory.

Horble tipped the bottle into his own glass. A second mate's grog! One could see what the fellow drank.

"Here's luck," said Gregory.

"Drink hearty," said Horble.

"Joe Horble," said Gregory, leaning both elbows on the table, "there's something you ought to know; I love Madge, and Madge loves me!"

Horble gasped.

"She's mine!" said Gregory.

Horble helped himself to more gin, and then slowly wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"You're forgetting she's my wife," he said.

"I'll give you a thousand pounds for her, cash and bills," said Gregory.

"You can't sell white women," said Horble. "She ain't labor."

"A thousand pounds!" repeated Gregory.

"I won't sell my wife to no man," said Horble.

The pair looked at each other. Horble's hand felt for the gin again. His speech had grown a little thick. He was angry and flustered, and a dull resentment was mantling his heavy face.

"I'll go the schooner," cried Gregory. "The Northern Light, as she lies there this minute, not a dollar owing on her bottom, with £200 of specie in her safe. Lock, stock and barrel, she's yours!"

Horble shook his head.

"Madge ain't for sale," he said.

"Please yourself," said Gregory. "You'll end by losing her for nothing."

"Capt. Cole," said Horble, "Madge has told me how near it was a go between you and her, and how, if you hadn't cleared out so sudden the way you did, she would have married you in spite of old Blanchard. But when you went away like that you left the field clear, and you mustn't bear me no malice for having stepped in and taken your leavings. What's done's done, and it's a sorry game to come back too late and insult a man who never did you no harm."

"Oh!" said Gregory.

"If you choose," continued Horble in his tone of wounded reasonableness, "you can make a power of mischief between me and Madge. I don't think it comes very well from you to do it; I don't think anything that calls himself a man would do it; least of all a gentleman like yourself, whom we all respect and look up to. Capt. Cole, if you've lost Madge, you know you can only blame yourself."

"I don't call her lost," said Gregory.

"Capt. Cole," said Horble, calmly, but with a quiver of his lip, "we'll take another drink, and then we'll say good-by."

"I'm not going till I see Madge," said Gregory.

Horble began to tremble.

"It's for Madge to decide," added Gregory.

"Decide what?" demanded Horble in a husky stutter.

"Between you and me, old fellow," said Gregory.

"And you've the gall to say that on my ship, at my table, about my wife?" exclaimed Horble, punctuating the sentence with the possessive.

"Yes," said Gregory.

Horble sat awhile silent. He was obviously turning the matter over in his head. He said at last he would go on deck and take another look to windward.

"There's a power of dirt to windward!" he said.

Gregory was conscious of a belying pin being whipped out of sight, and in an instant he was roused and tense, his nostrils vibrating with a sense of danger. The two men stared at each other, and then Horble backed into the stateroom, remarking with furtive insincerity: "There's a power of dirt to windward!" This said, the door went shut behind him. Gregory sprang to

Where's Madge.

his feet and burst it open with his powerful shoulders, crushing Horble against the bunk, who, pistol in hand, fired at him point blank. The bullet went wide, and there was a sound of shattering glass. Gregory's hands clenched themselves on Horble's, and the revolver twisted this way and that under the double grasp. Horble was panting like a steam engine; his lower jaw hung open, and he cried as he fought, the tears streaking his red face; there was an agonized light in his eyes, for his forefinger was breaking in the trigger guard. A hair's breadth more and he could have driven a bullet through his opponent's body; a twist the other way—and he moaned and ground his teeth and frenziedly strove to regain what he had lost. Suddenly he let go, snatched his left hand clear, and throttled Gregory against the wall. Gregory, suffocating, his eyes staring from their sockets, his mouth dribbling blood and froth, struggled with supreme desperation for the pistol. Getting it in the very nick of time, and eluding Horble's right hand, he fired twice through the armpit down.

Horble sank at the first shot, and received the second kneeling. Then he toppled backward, and lay in a twitching heap against the drawers below the bunk, groaning and coughing. Gregory, with averted face, gave him another shot behind the ear, and another through the mouth, and then went out, sick and faint, shutting the stateroom door behind him. He sat for a long time beside the table, absolutely spent, and still holding the revolver in his hand. He was shaking in a chill, though the temperature was over 80, and the cabin, when he had first entered it, had seemed to him overpoweringly hot and stifling. He warmed himself with a nip of gin. He looked over his clothes for a trace of blood, and was thankful to find none. He took off his coat; he examined the soles of his shoes. No blood! Thank God, no blood!

He went on deck and cast the revolver overboard, standing at the taffrail and watching it sink. Even in the time he had been below the wind had risen; it was blowing great guns to seaward, the lagoon itself was white and broken as far as the eye could reach. Aboard his own schooner they were busy housing the topmasts, and the yeo-heave-yeo of straining voices warned him that Cracroft was hoisting in the boats and making everything snug.

Gregory leaned against the wheel and tried to think. To throw Horble's body overboard would be to accomplish nothing. The blood, the shot holes, the disordered cabin, would all betray him. To scuttle the schooner with a stick of dynamite was a better plan, but that involved returning to the Northern Light, with the possibility of Madge coming off in the interval and discovering the murder for herself. No, the risk of that appalled him. Besides, whatever happened, he had another reason for keeping the truth from Madge. The fact of Horble's death, even if she thought it accidental, would shock her to the core. It was inconceivable that she would feel anything but horror stricken, whether she judged her former lover innocent or not. She might even undergo a terrible remorse. At such a moment how little likely she would be to give way to him! Of course she would refuse. Any woman would. Every restraining influence would be massed against him. No, his only hope lay in getting her aboard his schooner and out of the lagoon before the least suspicion could dawn upon her. Once away, and it might be two years before she might even hear of Horble's death. Once away, and the empty seas would keep his secret. Once away—

He studied the weather with a new and consuming anxiety. How could he manage to get out at all, or pick a course through the middle channel? It was thick with coral rocks, and in a day so overcast the keenest eye aloft would be at fault. And outside, what then? Already it was working up a hurricane. To run before it would be courting death.

But to stake Madge's life! Madge, whom he loved so dearly! Madge, for whom he would have died! And yet there was something sublime in the thought of taking her in his arms and driving before the gale, the storm sails treble reefed on the bending yards, the decks awash from end to end, Madge beside him, the pitchy night in front, the engulfing seas behind; to swim or sink, to ride or smother, accepting their fate together, and, if need be, drowning at the last in each other's arms.

He looked toward the settlement and saw a crowd of natives pushing a whaleboat into the water; looked again, and saw old Maka taking his place in the stern sheets and assisting a woman in beside him. The woman! It needed no second glance to tell him it was Madge. He had never counted on her coming off in company. Fool that he was; he had taken it for granted that she would be alone. Everything, in fact, turned on her being alone. Then, with a start, he remembered his own dinghy, and how it would betray him. He had made it fast on the schooner's starboard quarter, near the little accommodation ladder. Going on his hands and knees, lest his head should be seen above the shallow rail, he unloosed the painter, worked the boat astern, and drew it again to port. Then he crouched down in the alleyway and waited.

A few minutes later and the whaler was bumping against the schooner's side. It might have been bumping against Gregory's heart, so agonizing was the suspense as he lay breathless and cramped between the coffinlike width of the house and rail.

"It was kind of you to bring me off, Maka," said Madge.

The old Hawaiian laughed musically in denial. "No, no!" he cried.

"You must come below and see the captain," said Madge.

Gregory was in a cold sweat of apprehension.

"Too much storm," said Maka, doubtfully. "I go home now, and put rocks on the church roof."

"Five minutes won't matter," said Madge.

Again Gregory trembled.

"More better I go home quick," said Maka. "No rocks, no roof!"

The boat shoved off, the crew striking up a song. Madge seemed to remain standing at the gangway where they had left her. Gregory felt by instinct that she was gazing at the Northern Light, and that as she gazed she sighed; that she was lost in reverie and was loath to go below.

He rose stiffly from his hiding place. Even as he did so it came over him that he was extraordinarily tired—so tired that he swayed as he stood and looked at her.

"Madge!" he said in almost a whisper. "Madge!"

She turned instantly, paling as she saw who confronted her.

"Greg!" she cried.

For a moment they stared at each other speechless. Then he leaped on the house and ran to her, she shrinking back from him as he tried to take her hands.

"You must not!" she cried, as he would have kissed her. "Greg, you must not! I'm married. It's all different now."

He tried to put his arms around her, but she pushed him fiercely back. Her eyes were flashing and her bosom rose and fell.

"I'm Joe's wife," she said.

Then, from his face, she seemed to divine something.

"What have you done to Joe?" she cried. She would have passed him, but he stopped her.

"No, no!" he protested.

"Let me go, or I shall call him," she broke out. "You shan't insult me! You shan't kiss me!"

He was kissing her even as he held her back, even as she fought and struggled with him—on the lips, on the neck, on her black, loosened hair, now tangling and flying in the wind.

"Get Into Your Boat."

He was so weak that she soon got the better of him—so weak and dizzy that he did not guard himself as she struck him on the mouth with her little doubled-up fist.

He put his hand to his lip and found it bleeding. He showed her what she had done. She drew back, and regarded him with mingled pity and exultation.

"Now will you let me go?" she cried.

"Madge," he returned, "Joe's drunk in his berth. I made him drunk, Madge. I had to talk to you alone, and—there was no other way."

She was strung to the quick. Her husband's shame was hers, and it was somehow plain that Horble had been at fault before. She never thought to doubt Greg's word, though his callousness revolted her.

"What is it you want to say?" she said at last in an altered voice.

"To ask you to forgive me."

"For what? for taking advantage of Joe's one failing?"

"No; for leaving you the way I did."

"I'll never do that, Greg—never, never, never!"

"Your father—"

"Don't try to blame my father, Greg."

"I blame only myself."

"Why have you come back to torture me?" she exclaimed. "You said it was forever. You cast me off, when I cried and tried to keep you. You said I'd never see you again."

"I was a fool, Madge."

"Then accept the consequences, and leave me alone."

"And if I can't—"

She looked him squarely in the eyes. "I am Joe's wife," she said.

"Madge," he said, "I am not trying to defend myself. I'm throwing myself on your mercy. I'm begging you, on my knees, for what I threw away. I—"

"You've broken my heart," she said; "why should I mind if you break yours?"

"Madge," he cried, "in ten minutes we can be aboard the Northern Light and, under weigh; in an hour we can be outside the reef; in two, and this cursed island will sink forever behind us, and no one here will ever see us again or know whither we have gone. Let us follow the gale, and push into new seas, among new people—Tahiti, Marquesas, the Pearl islands—where we shall win back our lost happiness, and find our love only the stronger for what we've suffered."

She pointed to the windward sky. "I think I know the port we'd make."

"Then make it," he cried, "and go down to it in each other's arms."

For a moment she looked at him in a sort of agitation. She seemed to hesitate no longer. Her hot hands reached for his, and he felt in her quick and tumultuous breath the first token of her surrender. Herself a child of the sea, brought up from infancy among boats and ships, her hand as true on the tiller, her sparkling eyes as keen to watch the luff of a sail as any man's, she knew as well as Gregory the hell that awaited them outside. To accept so terrible an ordeal seemed like a purification of her dishonor. If she died, she would die unstained; if she lived, it would be after such a bridal that would obliterate her tie to the set below. Then, on the eve of her giving way, as every line in her body showed her longing, as her head drooped as though to find a resting place on the breast of the man she loved, she suddenly balled up all her resolution and tore herself free.

"I'm Joe's wife!" she said.

Gregory faltered as he tried again to plead with her; but in his mind's eye he saw that stiffening corpse below, lying stark and cold on the cabin floor.

"You gave me to him," she burst out. "I'm his, Greg. I will not betray my husband for any man."

Again he besought her to go with him. But the moment of her madness had passed.

He sat down on the rail instead, his eyes defying hers.

She stepped aft, and his heart stood still as she seemed on the point of descending the companion. But she had another purpose in mind. Throwing aside the gaskets, she stripped the sail covers off the mainmast and began with practiced hands to reef down to the third reef. Then she went forward and did the same to the foresail. A minute later, hardly knowing why or how, except that he was helping Madge, Gregory, like a man in a dream, was pulling with her on the halyards of both sails. The wind thundered in them as they rose; the main boom jerked violently at the sheet and lashed to and fro the width of the deck; the anchor chain fretted and sawed in the hawse hole; the whole schooner strained and creaked and shook to the keelson. Gregory, in amazement, asked Madge what she was doing.

"Going to sea, Greg," she said.

"Alone?" he cried. "Alone?"

"Joe and I," she said.

It was on his tongue to tell her Joe was dead; but, though he tried, he could not do so. It wasn't in flesh and blood to tell her he had killed her husband. He could only look at her helplessly, and say over and over again: "To sea!"

"Greg," she said, "I mean to leave you while I am brave—while I am yet able to resist—while I can still remember I am Joe's wife!"

"And drown," he said.

"What do I care if I do?" she returned. "What do I care for anything?"

"If it's to be one or the other," he said, "I'll go myself. With my big schooner I'd have twice the chance you'd have."

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"You sweet traitor," she said, "you'd play me false!"

He protested vehemently that he would not deceive her.

"Besides," she said, "I could risk myself, but I couldn't bear to risk you, Greg."

He tried a last shot. The words almost strangled in his throat.

"And Joe!" he said. "Have you no thought of Joe?"

"Joe loves me," she said—"loves me a thousand times better than you ever did. Joe's man enough to chance death rather than lose his wife."

"But I won't let you go!" said Gregory.

"You can't stop me," she returned.

He caught her round the body and tried to hold her, but she fought herself free. His strength was gone; he was as feeble as a child; in the course of those short hours something seemed to have snapped within him. Even Madge was startled at his weakness.

"Greg, you're ill!" she cried, as he staggered and caught at a backstay to save himself from falling. He sat down on the house and tried to keep back a sob. Madge stooped and looked anxiously into his face. She had known him for two years as a man of unusual sternness and self-control; obstinate, reserved, willful and moody, yet one that gave always the impression of unflinching courage and resolution. It was inexplicable now to see him crying like a woman, his square shoulders bent and heaving, his sinewy hands opening and shutting convulsively.

"You're ill," she repeated. "I'll go down and fetch you something."

This pulled him together. "I'm all right, Madge," he said, faintly. "I suppose it's just a touch of the old fever. See, it's passing already."

She watched him in silence. Then she stepped forward, dropped down the forecastle hatchway, and reappeared with an ax. While he was wondering what she meant to do, she raised it in the air and crashed it down on the groaning anchor chain. It parted at the first blow, and the Edelweiss, now adrift, blundered broadside on to leeward.

Madge ran aft, brought the schooner up in the wind, and cried out to Gregory to get into his boat.

He said sullenly he wouldn't do anything of the kind.

She lashed the wheel and came up to him.

"I mean it, Greg," she said.

"You are going to your death, Madge," he said.

"Get into your boat!" she repeated.

He rose and slowly began to obey.

"You may kiss me good-by, Greg," she said.

She put up her face to his; their lips met. Then, with her arm around him, she half forced, half supported him to the port quarter, where his boat was slopping against the side. He wanted to resist; he wanted to cry out and tell her the truth, but a strange, leaden powerlessness benumbed him. He got into the dinghy, drew in the dripping painter she cast after him, and watched her ease the sheet and set the vessel scudding for the passage. With her black hair flying in the wind, her bare arms resting lightly on the wheel, her straight, girlish, supple figure heading with the heel of the deck, she never faltered nor looked back as the water whitened and boiled in the schooner's wake.

Gregory came to himself in his own cabin. Cracroft, the mate, was bending over him with a bottle of whisky. The Malita steward was chafing his naked feet. Overhead the rush and roar of the gale broke pitilessly on his ears.

"The Edelweiss!" he gasped; "the Edelweiss!"

"Went down an hour ago, sir," said Cracroft, grimly.

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Covell's Joke

By WILLIAM MORRIS, JR.

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All Balmoral, with the exception of Dan Betterley and his sister, thought Colonel Covell's joke a good one. The Betterleys were excepted because the joke was on Dan and the talk across the bar of the Brindle Pup saloon was hushed on those rare occasions when Betterley favored the place with his company. At other times men slapped each other on the back and reared as Covell detailed the progress of events.

The joke had sprung from a careless remark made by Rob Henders when Julie Betterley had refused to marry Howard Wetton on the ground that she did not want to leave Ben alone to keep house in bachelor discomfort.

"Some one would do Wetton a personal favor by marrying off Ben," suggested Henders, and the rest of the crowd shouted with delight at the idea of the silent Benjamin marrying.

"But he wouldn't know how to ask a girl," suggested Colonel Covell. "Some one would have to pop the question for him. By John Rogers," he added, "I think I'll do it for him. I've a maiden aunt, back east who's been crazy to get married for more years than I've lived. Her name's Adora Dedrick, and she must be about sixty now.

"She's got a little money, and she may think that he's marrying her for that, but she'll take him. We'll carry along the game, until we've proposed for him, and then we'll let Ben get the answer or else we'll bring the old lady on and let him fight it out with her."

"That would be great," declared Henders approvingly. "Let her walk right up to him and put her arms around his neck and say 'Darling!' I'll bet that will scare him into talking."

"I'll be one to help pay the old lady's traveling expenses on this here excursion," broke in Denver Bill, who dealt bank. "What will it cost?"

"Say $400," suggested Covell as he took off his hat and threw in $20. In a few minutes more than the needed sum had been realized, and, calling for pens and paper, Covell wrote the first letter, while the rest of the crowd looked on.

Betterley was not disliked in Balmoral, but his taciturn ways and his refusal to make one of the crowd that nightly thronged the Brindle Pup marked him a man apart from the rest. Hence the crowd was willing to pay for the pleasure of seeing his amazement when his undesirable bride elect should appear.

Unmindful of all postal regulations, the postmaster agreed to let Covell have the letters addressed to Dan Betterley should any come from the little New England town where Miss Adora Dedrick lived. Presently it came, a heavy letter in which Miss Dedrick expressed a willingness to correspond with a man so well recommended by Cousin Covell.

"I guess she's forgotten you, Cal," suggested Henders when this line was reached, but Covell merely grinned appreciatively and continued to read.

There was little to laugh at in the letter. Indeed, more than one in the crowd wished there was some one back east who would write letters like that to him, but Covell's vivid description of Miss Dedrick's overripe charms and the thought of what Dan would say when she arrived kept the joke alive during the correspondence that followed. Finally when Miss Dedrick wrote that she was sending her picture and the accompanying photograph proved to be that of a comely girl scarcely out of her teens Covell rolled on the floor in his delight.

"Cousin Adora was that old before they knew how to take pictures," he insisted. "She must have begged this of a photographer. I think that it's time to spring the joke now. We'll send her the money to come on with and ask her to start at once. Dan will see this picture, and when Cousin Adora comes I reckon he'll be some surprised."

Covell laboriously indited a lengthy letter, in which he declared Dan's inability to wait longer for his bride and begging her to come west at once.

A few days later a telegram telephoned from the railroad town to camp announced her start, and when they had learned the sense of the message the plotters allowed it to be delivered, while at the same time Miss Adora's last letter and her picture, inclosed in the original letter, were placed back in the postoffice and delivered to Dan that evening.

The Brindle Pup kept open until 4 o'clock in the morning that the earliest news might be learned, but Dan gave no sign that he was disturbed. A scout reported that his shack was in darkness.

"I don't think I'd lose sleep myself," admitted Henders with regret. "I suppose it took him rather sudden that some one's done his courtin' for him, but he's willing to make good for his unknown friend with the original of that photograph."

"Wait until he sees what he draws," reminded Covell. "He'll go some shy of sleep when Cousin Adora gets after him with all those letters. She'll never believe that he didn't write them."

The thought cheered the disappointed ones, and even when Dan went quietly to his claim on the morrow and did not even ask the postmaster about the letter they chuckled as they thought of the awakening that was in store for him.

Every man in the camp was on hand when the stage came over from Buxton three days later.

Far down the trail the driver waved his hat three times as a signal that the bride had arrived, and they were all lined up about the front of the hotel where they could watch Ben and his sister without being so near that he might suspect something.

There was a tense moment when the veiled figure descended from the interior of the stage, but a murmur of disappointment followed when it was seen that a heavy automobile veil was impenetrable.

Dan came forward, and the arrival turned to him. He led her up to his sister, and the three climbed into the Betterley buckboard and were off to Dan's shack before the camp fairly realized that it was being robbed of its fun.

"It's going to be curious when she takes off that there veil," said Henders, with a sigh, "but it's darned mean that we can't declare in on the deal. I sort of feel that I've been cheated."

"Same here," chimed another voice, and, though Covell urged that there still would be plenty of fun, he was decidedly unpopular for the moment.

In an effort to change the humor of the crowd he invited them over to the Brindle Pup, and they were still having drinks at his expense when Dan Betterley strode in and drew Covell to one side.

"Look here," he said quietly, but with a ring of determination in his voice, "Dora has been asking for Cousin Covell, and I suppose that means you. If it does, you are at the bottom of this trick. I want to know what it all means."

"It was a sort of joke," explained Covell, who did not appear to be greatly enjoying the "joke." "Some of the boys thought that you ought to be married, so's Julie could marry Howard Wetton, and I remembered that I had a Cousin Adora back east who's been wanting to be married for the last fifty years, so I thought I'd make the whole lot of you happy and"—

"And you did the writing," concluded Dan. "From what Dora says I gather that there were a number of letters I never saw. I want them."

From the saloon safe Covell extracted the package of letters and silently turned them over to Betterley.

"I suppose you know what the punishment is for illegal use of the mails?" he asked, raising his voice. "The first hint from any one that reaches my wife's ears to the effect that she was the victim of a rotten practical joke will bring a postal inspector here who will see that you get what's coming to you!"

"Your wife!" gasped Covell. "You don't mean to say that you're going to marry that mummy!"

"Doesn't the fact that you are still alive argue that?" asked Betterley. "The joke appears to be on you, Covell. I fell in love with her photograph just as Dora did with mine, and I was well content to make the match you so amiably planned."

"She looks like that photograph?" asked Covell gaspingly.

"It doesn't half do her justice," declared Betterley fondly. "The Adora Dedrick that you have been corresponding with became Mrs. Henry Sprague some ten years ago. This Adora is her niece, her brother's child, named after her. She was the only Miss Adora Dedrick, and she received the letters. She wants to see her cousin, and if you dare hint anything when you come up I'll"—

"You won't have to," said Covell humbly. "I've acted like a hound puppy, Dan. You needn't be afraid. I'm only too glad the joke's been switched."

"Same here," said Betterley, more contentedly. "You fellows come up tonight. There's going to be a double wedding, for now Julia can marry Wetton. You're a pretty good joker, colonel!"

"I ain't no joker," declared Covell, with more emphasis than grammar. "I'm one of them pretty pink Cupids that they have on valentines—and I'm rather good at the job too."

The Poverty Ridden.

Was there ever a more heartbreaking problem than that of being poor and yet looking prosperous? Far better were a diet of potatoes and cabbage soup and a pair of leather breeches of the vintage of 1858. And that is one great reason why the country—be it in Galway or Cattaraugus or Posey county—is a better place to be poor in than the city. A man is a man there, even if blue drilling jumpers are his best.

Barring a condition of actual, gripping want—from which may God save all who were made in his image—there are no people in the world so fortunate as those who have made up their mind to be poor and happy together. Nor is there anywhere a man so cursed as he who can no longer live in the simple society in which he was born and yet yearns for it.—New York Mail.

The Beginning and the End.

The beginning is three or four weeks previous to election. Two aldermen get to talking politics over their beer, and one finally says:

"Well, Jim, I think I know the sentiment of the people, and I'm willing to bet my candidate will be elected."

"He doesn't stand an earthly show."

"Money talks."

"How much will you put up?"

"Five dollars."

"Done."

And two or three days after the election the daily paper informs its readers:

"Among those who had a clear insight into the temper of the electors throughout the country is Alderman Thomas, who backed his acumen with his money and is a winner to the extent of $30,000."—Baltimore American.

Go Right at It.

"Of course you know that germs communicate sickness?"

"Yes," answered the man who is apprehensive about his health, "and the worst of it is that they get right down to business in their communications, instead of employing the scientific circumlocution of the medical profession."—Exchange.

Trying to Make a Hit.

Judge—Do you acknowledge the charge brought before the court of throwing your wife to the ground and knocking her head repeatedly against the floor? Prisoner (evasively)—I was only trying to make a hit with her, your honor.—Judge.

A TURNER MASTERPIECE.

Origin of the Painter's Famous "Rain, Steam and Speed."

Of all pictures by the great English color poet, Turner, none is more popular than that which now graces the London National gallery under the name of "Rain, Steam and Speed," which was first exhibited in 1844. It is impossible to reproduce this adequately.

Concerning the origin of this picture Ruskin furnishes an interesting tale. The story was told to him by a friend, Lady Simon. It seems that she was traveling one night in the early days of the Great Western railway from Exeter to London. "When I had taken off my coat and smoothed my ruffled plumes and generally settled myself," she tells, "I looked up to see the most wonderful eyes I ever saw, steadily, luminously, clairvoyantly, kindly, paternally looking at me. The hat was over the forehead, the mouth and chin buried in the brown velvet coat collar of the brown greatcoat. Well, we went on, and the storm went on more and more until we reached Bristol, where we waited ten minutes. My old gentleman rubbed the side window with his coat cuff, in vain. He attacked the center window, again in vain, so blurred and blotted was it with the torrents of rain. A moment's hesitation and then, 'Young lady, would you mind my putting down this window?'

"'Oh, no not at all.'

"'You may be drenched, you know.'

"'Never mind, sir.'

"Immediately down went the window and out went the old gentleman's head and shoulders, and I said, 'Oh, please let me look.'

"'Now, you will be drenched,' he remonstrated. But he half opened the window for me to see. Such a night! Such a chaos of elemental and artificial lights and noises I never saw nor heard. He drew up the window as we moved on. I leaned back for some minutes with closed eyes, then opened them and said, 'Well, I have been drenched, but it was well worth it.'

"He nodded and smiled and again took to his steady but inoffensive perusing of my face. The next year, I think it was, going to the academy, I turned it once, as I always did, to see what Turners there were. Imagine my feelings! There stood written 'Rain, Steam and Speed, Great Western, June, 1843.' I had found out whom the seeing eyes belonged to. As I stood looking at the picture I heard a mawkish voice behind me say:

"'There, now, just look at that! Ain't it just like Turner? Who ever saw such a ridiculous conglomeration?' I turned very quietly round and said: 'I did. I was in the train that night, and it is perfectly and wonderfully true.' After that I walked quietly away."—Helen Zimmern in Harper's Bazar.

Kongo Natives and Their Dead.

"In the matter of preserving bodies for burial Kongos, after the usual binding in cloth, keep them for two or three months in their houses, where a fire is kept burning, but in Zombo they are suspended on two forked sticks in a dugout vault in the ground, which is covered over with palm branches and earth," says a missionary. "Sometimes the body is placed under a specially built grass roof in the open. This is not considered a burial, and some years ago they brought out for a big funeral feast and dance the body of an important chief that had thus been preserved for over twenty years. In other districts the dead are thrown away into a river or into the bush to be devoured by jackals and vultures."

Zoology and Flags.

Zoology figures very largely on the flags of different nations. On the British royal standard is the lion, it was Richard Coeur de Lion, by the way, who altered the device from leopards to lions on the king's standard. The eagle appears on the standards of both Russia and Germany and both the lion and the eagle on that of Spain. Bulgaria has a lion, China a dragon and Mexico a bird quarreling with a snake. Taken together with the animals that appear on nations' arms, the royal unicorn and Australian emu and kangaroo, a fairly comprehensive collection could be made from national emblems.

Going Too Far.

At a school exhibition a juvenile elocutionist got up to recite the first piece of his life. He was ambitious. He wished to make a great success of his piece, and he had been told by his teacher that the secret of elocution was the gesture—for every phrase its fitting gesture. The opening line of the boy's selection was, "The comet lifts its tail of fire." The overzealous boy, to fit its proper gesture to this line, lifted up the tail of his coat and held it out in a horizontal position.

Inconsistent.

Brown—It's curious about people's beliefs. They will give entire credence to the most absurd things and put no faith whatever in the most obvious truths. Black—Yes. I've noticed it. There's Greene, now. He hasn't the least confidence in hash, but he'll eat all the croquettes and mince pie you can set before him.—Exchange.

Poor Excuse.

"Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed.

"I know it," he returned solemnly, "but this confounded flat is so tiny there's no place to lay anything down."—Harper's Bazar.

In essentials unity, in doubtful things liberty, in all things charity.—Melanchthon.

The Fatted Calf.

That mighty unfair trick of killing the fatted calf for the prodigal causes more family rows than anything else on earth except the division of father's money.—Atchison Globe.

Out of a great evil may come a great good.—Italian Proverb.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Bees and the Death's Head.

The bees have an enemy who cares little for their stings and who gorges himself with honey if he can manage to enter a hive. This is the death's head moth, an enormous and powerful insect, the markings of whose back suggest a skull. He is covered with long fluffy hair. Some seasons in Switzerland when these moths are plentiful the hives are as barren in the autumn as they were in the spring. He boldly walks in at the door of the hive, and, though the infuriated inmates pounce upon him and try to kill him, their stings are not long enough to penetrate his fleece.

When these fellows are about the news seems to be forwarded to every bee village, for soon the wise little insects put their heads together and construct ample fortifications. Some swarms close the entrance of their hives with wax, leaving only a narrow opening just big enough for themselves, but far too small for the huge thief. Others build up before the entrance a series of parallel walls, leaving a zigzag corridor, through which only the bees can pass. It works on the same principle as a turnstile in a field, through which a man can pass, but not a cow.

Intelligent Ducks.

A young duck by some accident had its leg broken, and, the wounded limb having been put in splints, the duck was placed in a rather coop, or crate, to prevent it for a time from running about. The prisoner looked very forlorn, and the pity of its brothers and sisters was excited in its behalf, and they tried to release their companion by forcing their necks under the crate and so lifting it, but the effort was beyond their strength. Then they held a consultation, and marched away.

Presently they reappeared with all the ducks in the farmyard, amounting to about forty. After a great deal of quacking they surrounded the crate, and every neck was used in a united effort to raise the crate, and it did raise an inch or two, but that was all.

Another consultation was held, and after another storm of quacking the whole army came to one side of the crate. As many as possibly could now thrust their necks beneath the rail, the rest pushing the forward from behind. This time they succeeded. The crate was raised, and their imprisoned friend was liberated and limped out to receive the noisy greetings of its rescuers.

The Liberty Cap.

Many persons think that the "liberty cap," which is one of our national emblems, is of American origin, but, as a matter of fact, it comes to us from ancient times, when the Phrygians conquered the eastern part of Asia Minor. These warlike people were it to distinguish themselves from those whom they had conquered. The ancient Romans borrowed the emblem from the Phrygians, though they made it distinctly a symbol of liberty. They used a red cap, and were in the habit of putting one on the head of a slave when he was made a freedman. At the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar a cap on a spear was carried by the conspirators as a token of liberty to Rome, and a medal was struck bearing that device.

England and France both adopted the cap as an emblem of liberty, the former using a blue cap with a white border and the latter a red cap. The American cap is blue with a border of gilt stars on a white background.

Watching the Spider.

A man who is interested in spiders saw one crawling up his coat sleeve one day, and he watched to see what it was going to do. When it reached the highest attainable point it raised its spinneret and threw out a thread. Gradually the thread grew longer, and as it grew it floated straight up in the air, which showed, of course, that it was lighter than the air. The thread continued to get longer and longer, or, rather, higher and higher, until it rose to a height of about three feet. And what do you suppose happened then? The little worker after running a short distance up the thread that he himself had spun sailed away through the air as easily and gracefully as you please.

A Tongue Twister.

If your tongues be in good condition for doing a little acrobatic work try reading the following word curiosity aloud. It may be familiar to some of you, for it is one of the treasures dug up out of an old scrap book:

If you stick a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a cross,
Or cross a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or stick a cross stick across a stick,
Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a cross,
Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Would that be an acrostic?

—Chicago News.

The Atmosphere.

If the earth were deprived of its atmosphere the mean temperature at the equator would be about 94 degrees below zero and that at the poles about 328 degrees below zero. The mean temperature of the entire globe would be about 183 degrees below zero, which means, of course, that we could not exist as we are now constituted.

Polly Talk.

I have a parrot.
Her name is Poll.
And all she can say is 'Polly-ol
But grandma says this
Is not much o' sin
For some folks talk and say nothing at all.

Poor Substitute for Tobacco.

The Indians along the Alaska coast have a very curious substitute for tobacco, which is composed of wood shavings saturated with a strong solution of pepper. The practice, however, is extremely injurious, the strong fumes acting on the mouth and eyesight.

The Senate's Hole in the Wall.

When the nineteenth century was as yet only half grown, senators applied customarily for their toddies at the so called Hole in the Wall, a small circular room just off the postoffice of the upper house. The latter body then occupied what is now the chamber of the supreme court, and the postoffice was across the main corridor of the building on the same floor. When a wearer of the toga found himself in need of a "snifter" he had only to cross over to the mails department and pass through it to the little circular room aforesaid, which was about the size of a pantry. The Hole in the Wall was the first senate restaurant, and the bill of fare for edibles was short, though to the point. There was ham, guaranteed to have been smoked for six months, a veritable sublimation of the pork product; there were corned beef and bread and cheese, but very little else. They served, however, as an accompaniment for the fluids, and when the Hole was crowded, as was often the case, senators ate their sandwiches outside, in the postoffice.—Washington Post.

The Aurora Borealis.

The aurora borealis, or northern light, is something that we have all heard about, but very few, perhaps, can give any explanation of it. No one definitely knows what causes it, but the scientists are pretty well agreed that it is due to electricity. They believe that the light is made by the recomposition of the positive and negative electricity always in the upper and lower strata of air, respectively. M. Lenstrom made an interesting experiment in Finland in 1892, his object being to determine the nature of the aurora. He had the peak of a mountain surrounded by a copper wire, pointed at intervals with tin nibs. When he had charged the wire with electricity a yellow light appeared on the tin tips, and an examination of the light by the spectroscope revealed the greenish yellow ray that is a marked feature of the aurora. This evidence among scientists is almost convincing, for it is by means of the spectroscope that we discover the constituent parts of the sun and the stars.—Exchange.

Inadvisable.

During a snowstorm on the Highland railway a train was held up for an hour or two. The guard, a cheery Scot, passed along the carriages trying to keep up the spirits of the passengers. An old gentleman angrily complained that if the train didn't go on he would "die of cold."

"Tak' my advice an' no' dae that," replied the guard. "Min' ye, we charge a shillin' a mile for corpses."—Dundee Advertiser.

Buffalo Sportsman and Motor Boat Show at Convention Hall, March 8-13.

It will be a costly and most pretentious production the big Power Boat and Sportsmen's Show which opens for a week in the big auditorium of Convention Hall at Buffalo on March 8. Undoubtedly it will add much fame to Buffalo, already famous as a show and exposition city. Fifteen thousand dollars has been lavished this year on the decorations and amusement features for Buffalo's Sportsmen's Show, which is more than twice the amount that has ever been spent on an indoor show in Buffalo, and makes it costlier than any indoor show in New York or Chicago.

An ad on another page outlines beautifully the scope of this show. It is a big spectacle that cannot be adequately described in written words. All of the decorations, including the heavy scenic and electric effects, will be of permanent and fireproof construction. Everything from the genuine rose arbor ceiling, that will cover the immense expanse of the roof, to the trees on the floor will be an expensive stage setting that will portray the bosom of nature, the deep woods and the call of the wild.

Exhibits of motor boats and the equipment of the outdoor sports will be here from as far east as Connecticut and as far west as Los Angeles.

Snow Goods for Sale

at rock bottom prices. One set surrey bob sleds; one set 3-seat bob sleighs; one set Dickey bobs with pole or shafts; three good 2nd-hand Portland cutters; five new Portland cutters; two handy business cutters.

We want the room these goods occupy and will make very close prices for quick delivery.

A. T. PALMER.

For Rent—My farm, (formerly occupied by Patrick McCabe, deceased) on Prospect Hill. 52 acres under cultivation good land and nearly all on the level; good orchard and sugar bush; house plumbed with natural gas; rent reasonable. Mary E. Kingsley, Salamanca, N. Y.

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10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

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RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,894.71
Bonds	187,413.90
Loans	570,589 87
Cash	22,631.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16

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Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

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